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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Boucicault's Interesting Essays on the Art of Acting—His Fecund Imagination and Facile Pen—The Chemistry of Acting, not the Anima, his Subject—Materialism, the Contemporary Curse of Art, Self-Consciousness its Fruit—The Real Springs of Dramatic Expression Deeper than the Teacher will Ordinarily Allow—Thought, Feeling, Training—An Exhaustive Discussion of a Mooted Question.

I am sure no one can read what Boucicault writes about the art of acting without being interested.

This is not so much on account of what he knows about acting as on account of what he knows about writing, for he could not fail to be interesting if he should write about geometry or gimp.

It is true he must know a great deal about the theatric side of acting—and he always writes as if there were no other—for he has given a long life to the theatre, done a prodigious amount of work, and preserves to this hour a fecund imagination and a facile pen.

I therefore always read him not only with interest but with respect, as one entitled to speak with authority, and as one capable of speaking with elegance and cogency.

He may be said to be furnishing pandects now on the mechanism of art.

"Speech, gesture and gait," I hear him say, "are the elements of acting."

In a limited sense this is too true to be contradicted.

But it is also true that water, phosphates and carbon are the elements of life.

Mr. Boucicault just now is dealing with the chemistry of acting, hardly with the *anima*.

And it is absolutely necessary to deal with the material elements in formulating an art or in teaching it.

I have no quarrel with him, except that less gifted and more materialistic teachers are going to take up his assertions and make them stand for a soulless empiricism.

The curse of art at this moment is materialism, and the theatre, like everything else, feels the blight of an active, aggressive, self-confident mechanism.

"Go to!" say the teachers. "Let us construct actors after our own kind," and the merry ring of their hammers is heard in the land as they drive home the rivets of rhetoric.

Far be it from me to deprecate tuition and knowledge and drill and obedience.

Still farther from me is it to limit acting in its best and proper sense to articulation, action and motion.

As well say that strings, keys and fingers are the elements of the Sonata Appassionata.

Speech, gesture and gait belong equally to Herne the Hunter and to Hamlet. But speech can be without thought as a song may be without timbre. Gesture may be only volitional and not emotional, and gait, alas! never yet reached grace either on a chalk-line or on a code.

My own impression is—and I want to plant it here, not because I am opposed to Mr. Boucicault's system projected in the *Herald* by the column and practised in the Madison Square Theatre by the hour, but because I wish to take the side of the naturalist against the academician for once in my life—my own impression is that gait and gesture have their real springs much deeper than the dramatic teacher will ordinarily allow. If we go to Nature—which, perhaps, is a hazardous thing for modern art to do, and utterly scouted by modern literature—we shall find that gait and gesture owe all their charm to their spontaneity. There is nothing interposed between the impulse and the action. Emotion flows into motion by its own divine law. Grace of limb is not an attribute of culture, but it very often is of ignorance. The gooseherd sometimes has an organic rhythm that the empress cannot imitate. Emerson located it in the bones, not in the boudoir. I have myself often seen a barefooted wench glorify calico with her bare affluent legs and sinuous curves into Tyrean drapery.

And as for dignity of mien and action—why not acknowledge that it is correlated to dignity of purpose and character?

This is really a serious question: Does a frivolous, insincere mind not rob a person of dignity of conduct?

What are the every-day lessons of life's physiognomy? How do we estimate character by the eye? What are the marks of

dignity of purpose? What symbols have a harmonic character? Why does a noble action lift the head up and a mean one cast it down? What is there under dignity of mien besides instruction?

I should like to hear a young actor who wanted to cultivate dignity of demeanor told to develop dignity of purpose as one of the pre-requisites, for when a man feels that he has a high and worthy end in view it begins to get into his knees and elbows.

Mr. Boucicault's general instructions, when they ignore what is really elemental in man—and ought to be in actors—have a tendency to reduce what he calls "action" to a uniform lock-step, which shows that the teacher is a turnkey and shoots the bolt of empiricism on the most precious thing the stage can have, and that is individuality.

That is my chief objection to dramatic systems. They are leveling systems. They fur-

own way? Her own way is all at once invested with a subtle authority that no school can impugn.

It is often said that we do not go to the theatre to see Juliet or Hamlet, but to see the individual color that the actor will give these parts. There is much truth in that remark that nothing on earth interests us like the manifestation of a fresh individuality. But while Nature never makes two minds alike, Art, and especially stage art, is constantly trying to rob them of their congenital distinction.

"Think it out, my dear, and do it your way—freely, honestly, earnestly," was the advice I once heard given to a stage pupil by one of the best actresses this country has produced. What was the result? An abiding charm that could not be scheduled.

Perhaps there is an imputation of narrowness to Mr. Boucicault in these remarks. I wish to disavow that. He is a man of over-liberal

viction that acting is sufficiently noble and worthy to make you hold your head up?

An actress whose dignity of vertebra was obtained by carrying a load on her head instead of in it would, I think, betray the physiological quality of her dignity.

And then dignity doesn't spring from the spinal column any more than eloquence springs from the shoulder.

The truth that is worth emphasizing is this: That these things are all purely callisthenic and adjunctive. Great acting will never be created by them. The appetency and the possibility lie folded in the soul. While we waste months to teach women how to manifest their feelings no one thinks it worth while to ask if they have any feelings to manifest.

We hang glittering precepts on them, as they hang broken crockery on an Indian princess, but we leave their souls yawning. We straighten their spinal columns, but how

and gesture will not of themselves produce thought, emotion or purpose. It is undeniable that thought, emotion and purpose will produce, and have always produced, potent speech and gesture.

I would not place Mr. Boucicault in the category of pedagogues, who are just now filling the reviews and magazines with their views on acting. He, at least, speaks to the issue of tuition and has something to say. But such writers as Cora Maynard, for example (in the last number of the *North American*), reduce this question to a hard and lifeless drill, ornamented with nothing but glittering generalities.

This naive instructress tells us that Adelaide Neilson was a striking proof of the beneficial results of training.

That is true, but as an argument is unfortunate, because Adelaide Neilson was not a striking proof of anything else. This writer has fallen into the popular error or post-mortem hallucination, so common with regard to stage pets, that Neilson was a great artist. Nothing can be farther from the truth. She was a great favorite. So are Sadie Martinot and Mrs. Langtry.

Like a good many other English actresses, Adelaide Neilson opened the stage doors with her eyebrows and compelled laudation afterwards with her personal charm. But she was wholly deficient in breadth, power, conviction, tragic intensity, and that authority which comes from a divine endowment of mind and heart.

"She died young," says the reviewer, "but she has left her name in the records of the stage as one of its most brilliant memories."

It is such writing as this that places painfully before us the inefficiency of pedagogic reviewers. It recalls Richard Grant White's transcendental eulogium of Pauline Markham. It confuses the popularity of a subject with the ability of a subject.

But I have said enough for to-day.

If anyone gets it into his head that speech, gesture and gait, unloaded of the brooding silence that is golden, will fill the bill of art, that person is very near to the materialistic kingdom of heaven, and only needs to take Turkish baths enough to be born again.

But as for me, to this hard formalism I prefer the Mohammedan heaven of Amelie Rives or the lush and juicy Pantheism of Richard Watson Gilder, who sings from among the graves in his *Century* arbor:

You may sound the sources of life
And prate of its aim and scope,
You may search with your chilly knife
Through the broken heart of hope;
But for me the loose, sweet breath,
And the warm, white bosom heaving,
And never a thought of death,
And only the bliss of living.

NYM CRINKLE.

Gilbert and Sullivan's New Opera.

It has at last been definitely decided that the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, the entire right to the production of which in the United States and Canada rests in the hands of Rudolph Aronson, will be seen in New York at the Casino on November 10, and that *The Oolah*, which will be presented up to that time, will be produced on September 17, according to the original agreement with Francis Wilson, the owner of the opera.

Both the title and the plot of the new opera are withheld until the final moment, while the music will not be published until six weeks after the public performance. This is to prevent the possibility of piracy. The new opera is in two acts, the scene is laid in Sweden and Norway, and the time is during the reign of Gustavus Vasa, during the revolt of the Dalarlians and the miners of Falun. Designs for the costumes have already been received from Europe, and work on them has already been begun.

The scene for the first act represents the harbor of Hammerfest on the north coast of Norway, while the scene for the second represents the Aula of the great Swedish university at Upsala. Sir Arthur Sullivan was a pupil with August Södermann, the Swedish composer, and with Neils W. Gade, the Danish composer, at the Leipzig Conservatory. The book is said to be particularly humorous, while the quaint Scandinavian music has given a fresh inspiration to the genius of the composer. There will be eleven principals, while the chorus will number seventy voices, forty male and thirty female.

Letters from members of Mansfield's company say that since their arrival they have been kept on the jump by their energetic star.



GEORGIA CAYVAN.

nish a stage walk and a stage attitude. They have expedient reasons for a formal and uniform symbolism.

Whereas, everybody knows, I think, who keeps off the stage and stays in the parquette, that the one perennial delight of audiences—a delight that no change of taste, or fashion, or caprice can dull—is to meet with a person—fresh, unhampered and a law unto itself. Its very defiance of conventions is an exquisite charm if that defiance springs from a conviction and not from a caprice. The moment we get a Juliet who hasn't had her lines pumped into her, but has absorbed them and assimilated them, and converted them into her own tissue, and made them conformable to the special law of her being, that moment we prick our ears. What do we care if she walk in her own way? It is quite true Siddons and Tree and Neilson would not have stepped thus. What care we that she folds her arms in her

views, and will, I think, agree with me mainly in what I have said.

If a materialistic tendency is the curse of art, self-consciousness is its fruit. And the whole pressure of dogmatic tuition at present is to make the actor self-conscious, just as the pressure of stage callisthenics is to make him mechanical.

Mr. Boucicault's elaborate directions for securing dignity and grace of mien and gait, are in point. He advises the pupil to carry a heavy weight on the head. The effect of this burden will be, he says, that you will straighten your back, raise your head, square back your shoulders so as to bring the weight straightway over the spinal column.

I like the idea of beginning with the spinal column. But why not try a slight weight upon the mind? A little burden of responsibility, a graduated load of duty, a fifteen-pound seriousness of purpose, or a ten-pound con-

about that rectitude of spirit that arrests the attention and commands the respect, which is the symbol and type of an inner worth allied to an outer purpose at once noble and commendable?

It is noticeable that Mr. Boucicault passes his crude material through the roller of his instinct before boiling it down in the cauldron of his system. He examines his applicants for native adaptability, inborn fitness, accidental advantages, dramatic gifts, etc., etc.

Why not take them as they come? Simply because the system is not sufficient for that.

It requires something on the part of the applicant.

But why not continue to require it all through when the system is working?

Speech, gesture and gait are not the basic elements of acting, unless we sever acting entirely from its *anima*, and while speech

At the Theatres.

The first theatre to commence the season is H. R. Jacobs' Thalia Theatre (renamed the Old Bowery), which was opened on Monday night with a very full house and a creditable performance of *The Black Flag*. W. L. Gleason in the comedy part of Sam Larum gave satisfaction, although possibly to a critical eye the characterization was a little overstrained for the sake of humor. J. G. Loomis was satisfactory as the Inspector, and among the ladies of the cast Julia Gilroy acted with the most spirit. The theatre has been furnished up in its decorations and the scenery was new and good. Many were turned away from the upper part of the house for want of room.

Nadja at the Casino entered upon another week of remarkable business on Monday. The operetta will undoubtedly maintain its hold on popular favor until the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera.

Effie Elsier opened the second and last week of Judge Not at the Madison Square Theatre on Monday to a good audience in spite of the warm weather. Next Monday Mr. Gillette's new play, *A Legal Wreck*, will be brought out.

Gleanings of the Week.

An American songstress has received the compliment from the Philadelphia press of being labelled the "coming prima donna." For some eleven weeks past the New American Opera company has been delectating the people of that goodly city with a repertoire of English operas, and Miss Louise Nathal, a native of Illinois, and a well known lyric artist, was engaged as prima donna. Comparatively unknown in such a position, by her excellent acting and charming vocalization she at once jumped into favor with the Philadelphiaans, and the press are enthusiastic in praise of her merits, one of them going so far as to assert that she is a second Gerster. One night last week occurred the birthday of Miss Nathal, and the management of the Grand Opera House, in appreciation of her abilities, tendered her a benefit. The building was packed to the doors, and during the evening Miss Nathal was presented with an elaborate silver tea service, Cholmondeley Jones making the presentation speech. She also received a large jardiniere filled with roses from a committee of musicians and dilettanti. It is a gratification to hear of the progress of native artists, and THE MIRROR congratulates Miss Nathal upon the rapid strides she is making toward the front.

The Philadelphia *Item* is fond of paying THE MIRROR the compliment of testifying to its accuracy and reliability by lifting whole masses of fresh intelligence from its columns. Last Sunday's *Item* contained a rehash of the most important news items of the week and something like a half-hundred details of the official news literally copied from THE MIRROR. The *Item* may well claim prominence for its theatrical information since it draws the most of it from the fountain-head.

There is a good deal of uncertainty in Buffalo regarding the future of the large and beautiful new theatre which a wealthy Mr. Levi of that city is building there at the present time. It is situated in the most convenient and accessible part of the city and will seat 2,000. It is designed as a first-class place of amusement. The Meech Brothers have the only other high-price theatre in the place. They have made an offer for the new house, but Mr. Levi is so busy to accept it, and the terms he names are altogether too high. It is generally conceded that Buffalo will support only one first-class theatre. If the Academy and Levi's were run in opposition it would probably be the ruin of both. It is likely that Levi and the Meeches will eventually make a deal for their mutual advantage, the new house playing the best attractions and the Academy being turned into a popular-price house. In this case the other popular theatres would undoubtedly suffer.

Overheard on the Square.

Bore to Professional Friend: "Where do you go next season, Charley?"

Professional (looking tired): "Haven't you heard? I've been engaged for the Mary Anderson No. 2 Company. Maggie Cline is the star."

Gus Pitou will get off a very bad thing occasionally. In a frantic effort to be funny one day last week, while spearing porgies with Robert Mantell at Sheephead Bay, he said: "Bob, this ought to be called Sheephead Baa."

"Why?" asked Mantell.

"Because that was what the sheep said. See?"

History has recorded some villainous jokes, but it will turn livid when it makes a mem. of this.

It is scarcely too much to say that our system of traveling combinations has had considerable effect in helping to spread the general benefits of civilization in the remotest districts of the continent. But for that it is scarcely likely that at such a distance from great centres as Fort Smith, Ark., there would be an Opera House introducing the electric light system to the town. Yet George Tillet, manager of the Grand Opera House there, has just contracted with the Edison

Light Company for a plant which will be powerful enough to supply a number of theatres in the place as well as the theatre. Thus the town is directly indebted to the theatre in a matter quite distinct from its educational or other mental influences, and which the commercial development of the place might not have reached for a long while yet.

An old actor, well known formerly, who through sickness and misfortune had been obliged to call on the "Bounty of the Actors' Fund" several times during the past three years, called at the office of the Fund on Monday last and made a donation of \$97, which covered the full amount that had been expended by the Fund on his behalf. This actor served as a soldier during the late war and made application some time back for a pension. His claim was allowed by the Pension Bureau early last week, and his first expenditure was this donation to the institution that had aided him on the several occasions of his need.

Manager A. M. Palmer had some misgivings about letting the late William P. Davidge take the trip to California with the rest of the Madison Square Theatre company, on account of the precarious state of his health, and it was only after the actor's most earnest solicitation that he was permitted to go. Mr. Davidge was of the opinion that the change of air would do him much good, and to his friend, George Becks, confided the fact that in his opinion it was the only thing that would benefit him. He had a presentiment, often expressed, that he would die suddenly, as he did. The last part that he played more than usually well was Peter Greenacre in *Salots and Shimmers*. It fitted him so well that for some time after the title of Peter Greenacre clung to him. On several occasions of late the old actor played the most of his parts, when it could be consistently done, in sitting positions.

Coming to the city from Sheephead Bay every morning one of our Gleaners encounters numbers of professionals. Rose Coghlan and her husband, Mr. Edgerly, generally occupy seats on the first car of the train, while Harry Mann, Benson Sherwood and Jules Kusel enjoy their cigars in the rear. W. J. Scanlan and Robert Mantell are occasional passengers, while John W. Keller, the author of *Tangled Lives*, comes up to the city about twice a week. Then there are Fred Ramsden, who visits the metropolis once a month; Frank Murray, who spends a day or two at the Bay now and then, and Gus Kerker, who is a most enthusiastic fisherman, and does not visit New York any oftener than business compels him to.

"Floy Crowell's fifth season will commence with the most favorable indications of continued success." Thus quoth Branch O'Brien, who has been engaged to pilot the tour of Miss Crowell the coming season, to a representative of THE MIRROR. "The supporting company numbers twelve people, several of whom have been with Miss Crowell two and three years. Forty-one weeks have been booked, thirty-eight week stands and three weeks of three-night stands."

"The repertoire will be a varied one, and sure to please everyone, while in the leading roles the star has opportunities of which she avails herself to win new friends. Infatuation, May Blossom, Ingomar, Gretchen, Romeo and Juliet, A Brave Woman and A Hoop of Gold constitute the round of plays which Miss Crowell will offer, and to which she has full rights. The season opens at Bangor, Me., August 20, and the company travels as far west as Chicago, playing Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Detroit en route. Joseph Adelman will be the leading man."

A very singular coincidence regarding the names of plays was brought to the attention of THE MIRROR the other day. Late in the Spring Charles T. Vincent wrote a farce-comedy which he called *Going It*, and announced it for production at Tony Pastor's Theatre. Before the date arrived, however, he received a notification from Frank W. Sanger that a play owned by J. L. Toole in England, and which the former owned for this country, had that title. Mr. Vincent changed the name of the piece to oblige Mr. Sanger, and when John Wild purchased it, determined to call it *Running Wild*. About a week after this title was copyrighted at Washington, Mr. Vincent read in the London correspondence of THE MIRROR that Willie Edouin had just produced a play in England called *Run Wild*. Strange to relate, Mr. Sanger also holds the American rights for this comedy.

Aside from the Presidential contest, the question that is now agitating the public mind is, where Mr. Vanderflet got that Shanghai coat he wears in the fourth act of *Judge Not*. It seems to be built of modern cloth, but has a most antique cut, and its length would indicate that it was intended for a museum giant. It is strange to what lengths men are sometimes carried.

This is the way comedian George Richards of A Hole in the Ground bulletins an interesting event:

Born—July 10 P. M., July 30, 1833.
Weight—8 lbs.
Sex—girl.
Color of hair—dark.
Color of eyes—dark.
Looks like—give it up.
Mother doing—well.
Baby doing—splendid.
Name—Marjorie Emma.
Father doing—the best he can.

A story of Meyerbeer is related by the celebrated Parisian dramatic critic, M. Sarcey, which is not only amusing in itself but inter-

esting from its touching the question to what extent splendor should "compete with artistic work." When Robert le Diable was being rehearsed Meyerbeer complained to the director that the settings were mean. Said he: "You are afraid of spending money. You have no confidence in my work." Whereupon nothing, but at the dress-rehearsal magnificent settings were displayed. Meyerbeer thereupon exclaimed: "This scenery is too fine. You have no confidence in my music!"

After tolling cometh rest. Bartley Campbell was laid away last Thursday in St. Mary's Cemetery, at Pittsburg, after appropriate funeral services in the Catholic Cathedral, where nearly forty-five years before he had been taken as an infant and baptized. Father Wall, the officiating priest, delivered an appreciative and touching eulogy. It had originally been the intention to gratify the wishes of many of the dead dramatist's New York friends, and hold a service here at the Little Church Around the Corner. But to this his relatives demurred, on the ground that they would then be unable to bury him in the consecrated ground of a Catholic cemetery.

William P. Davidge's Death.

The first news of the death of the veteran actor, William P. Davidge, was received on Tuesday morning by his manager, A. M. Palmer, by the medium of the following telegram from his brother:

CHEYENNE, W. T., August 7, 1888.
William P. Davidge died on the train here last night. Arrangements, which have been completed, are in charge of D. C. Rhodes, manager of the theatre here, who will forward the body by express and advise you as to time of arrival. Please notify the family. The cause of death was a slight congestive attack at 12:15. He passed away peacefully at 12:35. W. R. PALMER.

Mr. Davidge was en route to San Francisco with the rest of the Madison Square Theatre company, which left New York last Thursday night. The party were travelling over the Burlington and Missouri line, and rapidly nearing Cheyenne, when Mr. Davidge became suddenly ill. Arrived at that place he sank quickly, and died in his berth before medical aid could be summoned. Failure of the heart's action was the immediate cause of decease, superinduced by the fatigue of travel and an enfeebled condition of health. For some months a change had been noticeable in the old actor's usually sturdy appearance. But neither his family nor his associates anticipated such a sudden collapse. He had always been most regular in his habits, and he lived in accordance with a sensible regimen of his own making. It is said that on the evening preceding his death Mr. Davidge spent several hours in the smoking compartment of the company's special car, conversing in a lively manner, and seeming to be in the best of physical and mental condition.

The remains were embalmed by a local undertaker at Cheyenne, and shipped by express to Brooklyn where they will probably arrive on Sunday morning. Mr. Davidge resided for many years in Brooklyn, where he was highly esteemed by his neighbors as an upright and public-spirited citizen.

William Pleaser Davidge was born on Ludgate Hill, London, England, April 17, 1814. His taste for theatricals was evident at the age of sixteen, when he appeared as James in *The Miller's Maid* with an amateur association. Six years afterward, on June 30, 1836, he made his first public appearance at Nottingham in a travelling company as Adam Winter in *The Iron Chest*. His first appearance in London was on September 26, 1836, as Baron Oakland in *The Haunted Tower* at the Queen's Theatre. From this time to 1843 he was undergoing that severe training, which produced so many fine actors during the period in question, under the old stock company system. He made several tours of England, Scotland and Ireland, gaining experience and confidence, and laying the foundation of the skill which enabled him to do yeoman service for the art of acting for a period of fifty-two years.

Before leaving England Mr. Davidge enjoyed a satisfaction looked upon in England as a high distinction. The Queen had bespoken a special performance of Julius Caesar at Windsor Castle for a court entertainment by Charles Kean's company, and Davidge was cast for the part of the Soothsayer. The remuneration he received was a hundred dollars; but the illustrious names of the rest of the company are in themselves a certificate of his histrionic attainments at his then age of thirty-six, for the old Spanish proverb says, "Tell me with whom you are and I will tell you what you are." It included Charles Kean, Macready, James Wallack (Lester's father), Charles Fisher, Lee Murray, Harris, Cooper, Cathcart, Colford, Worrell, Cathcart, Jr., Everett, F. Cook, George Webster, Addison, Clark, Mrs. Saville and the Misses Woods. He married Elizabeth Clark on Sept. 30, 1842, and settled in Manchester.

In 1850 he came to America, where he first appeared on August 19 at the old Broadway Theatre, then managed by G. A. Marshall, as Sir Peter Teazle. His appearance there was a sort of challenge to the celebrated Burton, then in the height of his popularity, and the comparison was still more manifest when the management put forward a revival of *The Tempest*, casting Davidge for Caliban. Those were the lively old times when a nightly change of programme with not less than two and more often, three pieces in it, was the rule. The personal result to the veteran, the subject of this sketch, was that during his career he appeared in upwards of eleven hun-

dred distinct characters of the most varied stamp, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." At that time the usual remuneration for leading actors was from thirty to fifty dollars a week. He remained at the old Broadway for about five years, during which he supported, among others, Julia Dean, Edwin Forrest, Madame Odette, Lola Montez and Gustavus W. Brooks, the tragedian who was lost aboard the *Lebanon* in a terrible storm in the Bay of Biscay. Afterward he travelled through America, going first to the Athenaeum at Cleveland and afterward playing in St. Louis and Cincinnati, and at Rice's old theatre in Chicago when J. H. McVicker was the leading comedian there.

Davidge returned to New York, playing as a star under F. B. Conway's management, and at times supporting Barry Sullivan, E. L. Davenport, Forrest, Charlotte Cushman and Matilda Heron. In the course of this experience he played at nearly every house in New York city and had acted the whole range of Shakespearean comedy parts. In 1860 he was a member of the Winter Garden stock company, which included at the time C. W. Coudock, J. H. Stoddart, Charles R. Thorne, Ada Clifton and Mrs. John Sefton. In 1863 he was playing at Laura Keane's theatre, and also at the Olympic, in Mrs. John Wood's company, where he scored successes as Powhatan in *Pocahontas*, as Martin Chuzzlewit, and as Dogbrier in *Camilla's Husband*. His next important work was in Edwin Booth's Shakespearean revivals during William Stuart's management of the Winter Garden. In 1867 he was the Eccles of Florence's production of *Caste* at the new Broadway Theatre at Broome street, and in 1869 again played his famous role of Caliban in Clifton Taylour's revival of *The Tempest* at the Grand Opera House, in which Frank Mayo and E. L. Davenport also appeared.

Davidge then went under Daly's management to the theatre then called the Fifth Avenue, and now known as the Madison Square, and remained in the company until 1877. There were many distinguished professionals associated with him in the company, such as Agnes Ethel, Harry Rynar, Emily Lewis, Clara Jennings, J. B. Polk, Mrs. J. H. Gilbert, E. L. Davenport, George Holland and William Beckman. The list of his comedy roles played under this management was remarkable in its scope and range of comic power. It includes *Jesse Rural* in *Old Heads* and *Young Hearts*, *De Witt in Divorce*, *Brigara* in *Frou Frou*, *Andrew Wylie* in *Bachelor of Hearts*, *Vanderpool* in *Saratoga*, *Colonel Howard* in *False Shame*, *Aminadab Sleek* in *The Serious Family*, *Sir John Vesey* in *Money*, *Nosen Pokes* in *Life*, *Padder* in *Pique*, *Rymple* in *The Big Bonanza*, *Smith* in *David Garrick*, the roles of *Harkaway*, *Meddle* and *Harcourt* in *London Assurance*, and *Vincent Crummles* in *The Savage* and *The Maiden*.

Mr. Davidge, speaking on one occasion about the part of Vincent Crummles, shed an interesting light upon Charles Dickens' celebrated sketch of the strolling actor-manager in "Nicholas Nickleby," which Davidge saw was drawn from life and represented an old actor named Davenport, who afterwards came to America and whose daughter, Mrs. General Lander, was the "Infant Phenomenon." Said Mr. Davidge: "I was in Davenport's company about 1837, and it numbered Davenport, his wife, his daughter, 'the phenomenon,' an actress named Merritt, Jack Litchfield and myself. I was with them for some time, playing in all the little villages of Southern England. I remember some of Davenport's shrewd ways of advertising. The infant phenomenon was a buxom English lass of twelve or fourteen with stout legs and a florid complexion. She was always dressed in short dresses and pantalettes and neat slippers. Her hair was in braids down her back, and she wore the large, flapping hat of the period. Her head was large and her beauty small, looked nine years old, and was a very good actress in certain heavy lines—indeed, quite remarkable in some heavy characters. She borrowed my wig and played Peter Teazle very well at the age of twelve. Those little English villages are often merely one long street, and Davenport would pick out a lodging which all the churchgoers would have to pass on Sunday morning. He would dress up the infant phenomenon and make her sit dancing a big doll where she could be seen in the window, and the people would stand in groups open-mouthed in wonder at the baby who played with her doll in the morning, and trod the boards at night as Macbeth. Then the family formed in procession with prayer-books in their hands and the vanity of earthly joys in their faces, and went to church. Davenport went first, his wife behind, and the phenomenon in the rear, and always managed to reach the church just after everybody else was seated, and marched up the aisle to the communion table in a style of pure melodrama, thus attracting the attention of all to the phenomenon."

"One of our ways at that time of raising the wind was to get a 'bespeak.' I once drove several miles with her in Kent for the purpose. I would go as an advance agent, and see the man of most local influence, and get his choice of a play and permission to use his name. That would draw us one good night. Then I would see the local lady of fashion and her patronage would get us a second night. If a judge were there on Assize Circuit it would ensure us a third night. On this particular occasion in Kent we played

Douglas and *Popping the Question*, and between the scenes *Young a come song* and the infant phenomenon danced the Highland Fling, *Macdonald Young Norval*. Afterwards played with her at the Winter Garden, in New York city." So much for the original of Dickens' immortal *Manager Crummles*.

The greatest probability of all Mr. Davidge's impersonations under the Daly management was that of the old Scotch waiter in *Man and Wife*. Clara Morris and Dan Harkins were also in the cast, but the part of the waiter was the excitement of the day in New York. While at this theatre he had the first of the only two benefits he ever had in this country, and it was a wonder in the way of benefits. The house reserved \$700 for itself, and granted the actor one-half the receipts beyond that. Under that liberal arrangement he became entitled to \$35, and even for that he had to wait for something like eleven years.

In 1877 he supported Fanny Davenport on tour, and in 1879 he was Dick Deadeye in the first Pinafore production at the Standard Theatre. His performance made a notable hit. In 1880 he played under J. M. Hill's management in All the Rage all over the country. At the end of three years he joined the Margaret Maiber company.

On the formation of the present Madison Square Theatre company in 1885 A. M. Palmer enlisted him. While in that company he played the part of the Doctor in *Jim the Penman*, the Deacon in *Saints and Sinners*, and the jeweller in *The Martyr*. In 1887 a testimonial benefit was organized under the management of a committee comprising distinguished representative men, to commemorate the half century point of his career. The performance was held on April 21, 1887, at the Academy of Music, and was an artistically brilliant affair. William Davidge played his favorite role of *Jem Baggs* in *The Wandering Minstrel*, the part in which the elder Robson achieved such fame.

The greatest reputation of the deceased actor was acquired in the older comedies of Farquhar, Congreve, Sheridan, Wycherley, Goldsmith, Knowles, Mrs. Centlivre and others, and in the comedy roles of Shakespeare; but although his true forte was comedy he had strong pathetic power. His stock company training made him willing to undertake small parts when necessary, and by his consummate art he would make great parts of them.

The deceased actor had pronounced literary tastes and no inconsiderable skill with the pen. Among his better known writings were "Foot-light Flashes," which had a large sale, and a successful comedy called *A Family Party*. In 1859 arose the question of the antagonism between the Church and the Stage, which formed the subject of the interesting symposium that recently appeared in the pages of THE MIRROR. Attacks were made upon the stage in a bitter, polemical and prejudiced spirit by the Reverends Strickland, T. L. Cuyler and C. H. Weeks, Baptist ministers in New York. They were answered by William Davidge in the cool, temperate and close reasoning of one thoroughly acquainted with his subject. The letters appeared in the *Sunday Times*, and afterward published in book-form under the title "The Drama Defended."

A few extracts which show the light in which the author regarded the question may be read with more than passing interest now: "I would seriously advise him (i. e. Mr. Strickland), when he shall have exhausted the drama, by giving that much abused and little understood art, the paternity of his smiles, he can direct his attention to the 'Newgate Calendar,' where there is a wide and untrodden path open for his very skillful rendering."

"If he will glance over the aforesaid volume he can take his choice of sin from the clergy of various creeds, high in office, down to the rural parsonage, some of them charged with little foibles the law calls murder, and other crimes revolting to our common nature and humanity, and which it is not necessary more clearly to describe. He will be surprised to know that entertaining work does not contain the name of any person or persons, who have been guilty of the crime of dramatic authorship, or who have earned their natural sustenance by the profession of the stage."

In his reply to the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, he says: "Mr. Cuyler alludes to Martin Luther but omits to say that that reformer defends, in his *Colloquia Mensalia*, the acting of comedies, whereby he says 'people are admonished and instructed every way concerning their offices and vocations.' It does not come within the limits of Mr. Cuyler's convenience to admit that St. Paul did not consider it unworthy to insert a verse of Menander, a contemporary poet with Euripides, into the Holy Scripture."

"The early Christian fathers and divines have written for the stage, and St. Thomas Aquinas asserts that these amusements were needed for the conduct of a well-spent life. The Drama existed at the time of the Apostles at Rome, Athens, Ephesus, Jerusalem, etc., and it is somewhat curious that while every conceivable crime should have been stigmatized by them, not one word is mentioned as a warning against attending the theatre."

"If as I am willing to admit the exposition of the drama is not confined to works of the best and purest kind, the fault is not so much with those who provide the feast as the questionable state of public morals engendered and augmented by the erroneous teachings of fanatical preachers."

The Giddy Gusher.



How beautiful is Hope—whether wearing a nightgown and clinging to an anchor, or carrying a palm-leaf fan and struggling up Broadway on an August day.

There's the Boucicault class between sessions turning Twenty-fourth street and its vicinity into a "rosebud garden of girls." I can tell 'em a block off. The prospective skip of the soubrette and the anticipative tramp of the tragedienne animate their gait. On their face sits the smile of the "Intern" or the grin of the "Extern."

Hope—hope—hope of all kinds and qualities. It's a great thing.

On another block a tall, cadaverous man has his cheeks luminatively sucked in, his toes and his eyes turned in, and his whole person exuding abstraction—deep thought.

It's a tranquilizing, happy thought, for he represses a smile lest passers-by should think he was frivolous. That's Gillette, whose *Legal Wreck* will no doubt reach the shore with a splendid cargo this month.

A few minutes after, approaching, very much like a mowing machine through a ten-acre lot, I see Rosenfeld. A vast expression of content radiates from his north cheek, as he puts his tongue in it and thinks of the Possible Case and the Lady or the Tiger.

But on the south side of Rosenfeld's face sits the true smile of hope. It's The Oolah this time. "Man never is, but always to be blest." It's the future, and blissful Hope has got her fine work in on the long author.

Beautiful Hope, say I, as I pass him. And Beautiful Hope I shout as I meet Mary Fiske.

Mary Fiske has caused me less trouble and afforded me more fun than any woman I ever knew. She sheds sorrow as a duck does rain, and I never saw her face but it broke into a smile, however severe she tried to make it.

When I have had the dismal—as your Gusher has—she has laughed to scorn the foolishness of worry.

"It's such a roaring farce this little life and its livers," said she. "We will, if we ever know another one, look back on this, as a child grown to manhood looks in at the old school-room door and sees himself crying over a vulgar fraction and swearing at the multiplication table. Those were awful trials when endured—when the school-room was your world, and the schoolmarm's ferule announced the day of judgment as plainly as Gabriel's horn ever could. You knew it all—life, its joys and its sorrows. But standing by the school room door, grown a woman, you laugh and laugh again at the misery you once endured. How funny it was to get that licking. Just wait, my dear, you're having a rocky time of it, but distance will make the man about the size of the vulgar fraction you cried over at seven." She was right—it has.

So when I met Fiske I was prepared for smiles, but wholly unprepared for such gymnastic expressions of delight. In astonishment I asked, "What is it, my dear?"

"That cast! You know," said she, "I wrote a play—good! Sold it to J. M. Hill—better! Look at the cast—best in the world! I thought God was unusually good to a sinner when Joseph Haworth fell in love with the title-role that had been builded expressly for him. Now J. M. Hill has engaged Joseph Wheelock for a strong emotional character part that fits him as well as Philip Herne fits Haworth. Think or those two men together on equal ground."

"I sat the first night of Judge Not," she continued, "and heard Madame Ponisi get the biggest reception of the night—heard a dozen people near me say 'That splendid woman!'—a queen in her profession, in her life, in her superb presence. I've got that darling in my cast; Frederick Paulding, well known and esteemed; Eugene Jepson, who was so long with Denman Thompson. And for pretty girls—wait till you see Henrietta Lander, one of the most beautiful brunettes that ever faced the footlights, and as a foil the lovely blonde daughter of Katherine Rogers, who as Kate Florence made a decided hit in Langtry's company last year, together with Lillian Chantore, who is as clever an actress as she is pretty a woman. What more do you ask?"

"The heroine of my play is a rich, young typical American girl—fearless, free, abhorring sham, filled with warm, true womanly sympathy. New York women are going to like my Evelyn as much as I like the girl who sat to me for the picture. I think Helen Russell, who made herself a favorite at Wallack's and with Arthur Rehan's company, will play her charmingly. Whatever the public may think I have accomplished in the play of Philip

Herne, they will acknowledge I got up some very delightful types of character. The snake in the happy family is not a deadly one, and the *dramatis persona* are intensely human. I'm quite in love with the natures they developed in some harrowing incidents through which I put 'em. I couldn't behave better myself. I'm thoroughly in love with my company. When I think of the two Josephs it's too much for Mary.

"Then you remember in your columns you spoke so highly of the child who played in *Among the Pines*—Willie Eddinger? He plays a little girl in the first act of Philip Herne, the brightest, cleverest child-actor in the country. Oh! it's a big cast, and I am as happy as possible over it."

Truly, Hope is a beautiful thing. I hope she'll feel as well the morning after the performance as she did the morning I met her when the great cast was complete. As she says: "If the play is a failure it will be the fault of the play, not the players."

I used to think, years ago, that Mary Fiske would give more attention to poetry. She went at it when she was fifteen with such vigor. But her muse got her into trouble, and of late she has done very little with rhyme. As a girl she lived in Connecticut, and during the war Thomas H. Seymour, Isaac Toucey, and little Mary Hewins were about alike in politics—rabid copperheads. The youthful secessionist twanged her harp in the cause, and one of her published effusions brought awful threats of condign punishment about her ears.

For two reasons I'm going to put it in *The Gusher*, because it's rather dramatic, and because it fills up beautifully, and I'm warm, and have got humidity and lazy, and don't want to write another line.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

(Written by Mary Fiske four months before the death of Lincoln.)

They say that grief has crazed me,
Since when the day is done;
I draw three chairs by the fireside
And sit in their midst, alone.
Then leaning my whitening head
On my poor old trembling hand,
I fill those empty places
With forms from spirit land.

The world is not much older
Since that early springtime day,
When I saw my youngest darling
With the soldiers march away.
I looked with pride upon him,
But my heart was filled with pain,
(Though I thought in his strength and beauty
We were destined to meet again.)

For I thought of Robert, the elder,
My loved and first-born one,
Whose home had been for many years
Beneath a southern sun.
And I prayed to God in his mercy,
Whatever their fate was to be,
The two might never meet as foes
That were dearest of earth to me.

That prayer went up to Heaven
In the watches of the night,
That prayer my pale lips murmured
Through the summer long and bright,
And when Autumn leaves were burning
In red heaps about my door
A regiment returning
Brought my darling home once more.

But so wan and worn and haggard,
None save a mother's eye
Would have known the dashing soldier
In that man come home to die.
Still I spoke to him of better days,
Of the strength that God could give,
He answered with a shudder—
"Pray to Him, I may not live."

"Will you listen, dearest mother,
To the tale I have to tell,
Though the wounds you see may heal,
There is one will ne'er be well.
In the thickest of the battle
I had tried to do my part,
While round me stilled forever
Fell many a gallant heart."

"But the foe had proved the stronger,
And my comrades forced to yield;
Finding I could march no longer,
Bore me fainting from the field.
By the roadside, in the shadow,
I lay wounded, weak and chill,
When a troop of black horse cavalry
Came flying down the hill."

"As the last one struggled by
On the road our men had flown,
I raised myself and fired,
And the horse went on—alone.
The silver stars came one by one
To the surface of the night,
I saw that rider in the dust,
By their dim and flick'ring light."

"And when at last the moon shed round
Its lustre o'er this place,
I dragged myself across the ground,
To look in that dead man's face.
It was then and there I got the wound
That will never heal, my mother,
For the face of the man captured in the road
Was the face of my only brother."

When the blossoms burst on the apple boughs,
And the earth was green once more,
We broke the ground for my soldier boy,
Whose battle of life was o'er.
So I wait alone by my empty hearth—
The summons will come one day,
And God shall give me back my boys,
That were the Blue and the Grey.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

In Captain Swift and Joseph's Sweetheart, Manager A. M. Palmer has two plays on which he builds high hopes of success during the coming season. The latter has long been running at the Vaudeville, and the former will open the Haymarket Theatre on Sept. 1. Captain Swift, when presented at a trial matinee, was even a greater success than Jim the Penman on the occasion of its tentative performance.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, July 26

An hour or so after I mailed my last letter to *THE MIRROR* the Adelphi reopened with a rare flourish of trumpets and Pettitt and Grundy's new and original drama, *The Union Jack*. It was received with all the outward and visible signs of success. The duration of its run depends upon whether play-goers on this side have or have not already had more than enough of *In the Ranks*, *The Harbor Lights* and *The Bells of Haslemere*. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the "new and original" drama is to all intents and purposes *In the Ranks* and *Harbor Lights* mixed, with selections from *The Bells of Haslemere* thrown in to "make the gruel thick and slab," as the Third Witch puts it. Seeing that every sentiment and situation in this classic trilogy had already done duty in many previous plays, it may easily be judged how far the authors' claims to newness and originality may be allowed. I will concede them praise for the dexterous shuffling of their (and others') old cards, but further I cannot go. The new play seems to me in some respects better than any of its three predecessors above enumerated, but up to now I haven't made up my mind whether this seeming superiority is due to better nailing-up or to the fact that the managers have introduced three or four fresh comedians into their company. By this means, although both the business and the dialogue run on the same well-worn lines as heretofore, an air of (comparative) novelty is imparted to the new and original drama.

As may be guessed from my foregoing remarks, *The Union Jack* combines the military element of *In the Ranks* with the naval ditto of *The Harbor Lights*. The army is represented by a counterfeit presumpment of Alder shot Camp—or some of it—and here (to still further infuse variety) a couple of dozen soldiers go through the bayonet exercise. Thus a distinctly "new and original" turn is given to the incident of the blue-jackets at cutlasses drilled on the upper deck of H. M. S. *Britannic* in *The Harbor Lights*. It is true that there is also a man-o'-war scene in *The Union Jack*, but the business takes place on the gun-deck and not the upper deck, and the ship is called the *Wellesley* and not the *Britannic*—and what could you wish for more in the way of newness and originality?

William Terriss again plays the sailor-hero, but he is only a petty officer, although he still wears a similar uniform to that he wore in *The Harbor Lights*. Miss Millward plays the hero's sweetheart, and Miss Forsyth the hero's sweetheart's sister. Those young ladies are the wards of a villain with a slight Dublin accent, who is of course played by Mr. Beveridge. But the villain of the piece is Mr. C. Cartwright, a soldier-officer, who is the very counterpart of the bad man in *Bootsie's Baby*, and his betrayal of a trusting girl (Miss Olga Netherlands), and subsequent endeavor to fix the guilt upon a brother officer, still further invite comparisons with Mrs. Stannard's story. Happily, however, there is no baby, and the fact that the betrayed girl is the hero's sister considerably strengthens subsequent proceedings. Whereas formerly the comic man was either a soldier or a sailor—according to the exigencies of the plot—he is now both. That is to say, there are two of him, a soldier and a sailor—Messrs. Dalton Somers and J. L. Shine, respectively. You have perhaps divined that they are both in love with the lively soubrette, Miss Clara Jecks, and you are right. All concerned play well. How the hero is court-martialed and escapes from his guards; how one of the villains murders the other villain and fixes the crime upon the hero, and how the heroine is picked up apparently lifeless in the snow and undergoes all sorts of inconveniences before the final reward of virtue, would take too long to tell. It is enough to say that Terriss plays the sailor hero as only he could play it; that Cartwright has made a great hit as the soldier-villain; that the ladies are intense, nice or lively, according to their respective proclivities, and that the low comedians are comic as well as low, which is not always the case in these cases. For the rest I will say again that the play is a very good one of its kind, and that if the public haven't already been overdosed it will have a decided run. I have not yet heard of its being bought for America, nor do I think it will be—but hereafter, as the event shall prove.

More "last-nights" were in evidence last week. One of them occurred on Friday, when *The Old Guard* finished at the Avenue after a run of nearly 300 nights. Three others came off on Saturday, when the good GAWAIN had to divide himself into appropriate fragments. The most important of these functions, theatrically, was that at the St. James', where the Hare and Kendal partnership was after nine years' duration dissolved in the presence of a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Pinero's play *The Squire*, one of the biggest successes of this management, was the piece of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Hare appearing with, if possible, increased success, as Lieutenant Thorndyke, "Squire" Kate Verity and Parson Dormer, respectively.

After the comedy was over the curtain was raised, disclosing a stage filled to overflowing with magnificent bouquets and other similar

tokens of regard. Then, after the partners and their leading lady (Mrs. K.) had been several times recalled, orating set in with some severity. Hare led off with a sharply-delivered, incisive speech, in which, reviewing their nine years' record, he thanked all and sundry, both before and behind the curtain, for service rendered. Anon referring to the charge which had sometimes been preferred against the St. James' management of having too often produced versions of Parisian plays, he argued in defence that the supply of English plays was not equal to the demand, a statement whereat many (including yours truly) burst into smiles not loud but deep. He omitted to say, however, whether it had not been possible for himself and partner to select plays of a less "pronounced" flavor for so highly puritanical a management. However, let that pass. Hare concluded by promising to continue, when elsewhere, to devote himself with renewed vigor to the service of art and the public.

After Hare had withdrawn, Kendal, as junior partner (though he must be quite as old as Hare), appeared, and commenced an oration by stating that it was strange that the first word he should have to say, not set down for him by any author, should be those of farewell. This statement also caused some silent smiling among those who knew how carefully prepared such impromptus are. Yet Kendal, after all, may have spoken truthfully in a sense, for he may have written his own speech. He proceeded to thank kind friends in front and behind for the success which had attended the efforts of his friend Hare and himself. He thought that it would be an affection on his part were he to be restrained by any unworthy bashfulness from declaring that their success principally due to Mrs. Kendal. Without her, he opined, they could have done but little. Few who know Mrs. Kendal's intense and artistic acting will be inclined to question her husband's declaration. Kendal then went on to express regret at the severance of the ties between himself and partner, adding that "each would go his way, with no shadow of rivalry save the worthy rivalry of trying to earn a continuance of the public favor and to sustain the honor of their profession."

It is a pity that so artistic and worthy a management should be thus broken up. And why it should have been need not now be inquired into too curiously. I may just whisper to you, however, that there are some who hint that the reason for the separation is that Hare and his late partner's wife could not agree. I lay no stress upon this; I merely give it you for what it is worth. Anyhow, the Kendals will proceed presently to the provinces, where one of these days they will try a new play by Mr. Pinero, whom the partners both so emphatically, and not altogether without reason, described on Saturday as a "distinguished dramatist." And next year the Kendals will visit the States. Hare will, in the course of a couple of months or so, open on his own account at the new Garrick Theatre, which W. S. Gilbert has built for him. Meanwhile the St. James will forthwith pass into the hands of Rutland Barrington, the original Pooh-Bah and Captain of the Pinafore at the Savoy. Barrington opens with a new play, which Sydney Grundy has adapted from a story by the somewhat unsavory novelist, F. C. Phillips, of "As in a Looking-Glass" notoriety.

The other important "last night" on Saturday was the finish of Augustus Harris' colossal Italian opera season at Covent Garden. This has been, for the first time for many years in the history of Italian opera, a financial as well as an artistic success. Les Huguenots was the opera of the occasion, and the audience assembled was a sight in itself, so "brilliant and fashionable" was it. After the opera was over the National Anthem was sung by all concerned. "Hail Columbia" and other kindred starchy and stripey airs should, I think, have been added, seeing that a very large proportion of Harris' most successful prime donne are American plus an Italian stage name. Perhaps, however, Augustus will rectify this omission in future. Meanwhile I feel sure that all good Americans will rejoice at the young but fat Drury Lane manager's big success in the role of impresario.

Saturday night's other event was Mrs. Bernard Beere's wind-up of her management of the subterranean Opera Comique. Her farewell was taken, happily not in either of the cerulean plays she produced, but in that sound comedy of the *couillises*, *Masks and Faces*. Floral tributes were showered upon "Bernie" (as the sporting papers call her), which tributes the majestic actress promptly sent to the Hospital for Children in Great Ormond street, Bloomsbury, and presently went off in her chariot on holiday-making bent, also to study *La Tosca*, an English version of which she threatens to produce in due course.

The Jekyll and Hyde battle has begun here in real earnest. Mansfield is getting ready to present himself and version at the Lyceum on August 4 and the burly Bandmann, accompanied by Miss L. Beaudet, are preparing to retaliate with their version at the Opera Comique on August 6. Howell Poole, an actor-dramatist of some minor theatre and provincial repute, forestalls the above combatants by producing a version of his own at the

Theatre Royal, Croydon, about ten miles from London, to-night, Thursday.

The Dalys finish at the Gaiety next Tuesday, and on August 4 Sophie Eyre will, after a good deal of discussion and much changing of projects, commence her four months' management of that theatre, opening, not with *She* as promised, but with (save the mark) yet another version of Mr. Barnes of New York. Sophie has of late played the lead in Rutland Barrington's adaptation at the Olympic, but the version she has chosen for herself, is by John Coleman (an actor-author of Yorkshire circuit renown) and is called *Marina*. Sophie now promises *She* for September. The next important theatrical event is fixed for Monday, when the great Sarah Bernhardt (who has been playing in *La Tosca* at the Lyceum) will there appear in that naughty play, *Francillon*, its first appearance in London.

GAWAIN.

Gossip of the Town.

C. R. Gardiner has gone to Bxton.

W. H. Ryno has been re-engaged for *Lost* in New York.

H. J. Ramsey has been engaged as assistant treasurer of the Casino.

The Natural Gas company began rehearsals at Dockstader's on Tuesday.

George Keogh, formerly Mrs. Langtry's manager, sailed for Europe on the *Alaska* last Tuesday.

William A. Whitecar has been engaged as leading man for *Florine Arnold's Her Husband* company.

Richard F. Carroll starts for Chicago on Saturday night, to originate a part in the comedy of *The Scarecrow*.

The production of *The Twelve Temptations*, of which Charles H. Hale is manager, will involve a cost of \$30,000.

Marjorie Bonner has made a gratifying success in the leading role in *Mankind*, now playing at the Boston Theatre.

Josh Ogden, who represents the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, leaves for that city within the next few weeks. He reports a few fair dates open in November.

The new Grand Opera House at Sioux City, which was nearly completed, was badly damaged by fire on Wednesday, and the opening will be delayed until Winter.

A. B. Cooley, who had been in charge of the business at the Harlem Pavilion, disappeared last week with his own and Edwin Brown's share of the receipts.

Tony Pastor's road company opened its season on Monday night at Long Branch to the largest house ever known there. All the English artists made hits, and were given a hearty American welcome.

William Gillette is directing the rehearsals of his play, *A Legal Wreck*. Phil. Goatcher, the scenic artist, is painting an extra scene for the play, which is said to be a novel idea in the way of a fisherman's cabin.

George H. Murray, the advance agent of *The Twelve Temptations* company, is in the city. Rehearsals of the spectacle are now going on at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and on August 18 the company leave that city by special train for Topeka, Kas., where the season opens on August 22.

H. R. Jacobs has secured a five years' contract to manage Corinne, commencing with the season of 1899. Mr. Jacobs is having a new comic opera written for her, which is to be presented late this season. Corinne will visit California the coming Autumn, playing a four weeks' engagement at one of the leading theatres.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans writes *THE MIRROR* from Richfield Springs, N. J., that her daughter Emily has quite recovered from her recent severe attack of rheumatism, and that she herself "will come back to New York thoroughly strengthened and invigorated for the coming season's work, through the efficacy of the baths at this place."

Richard Koenig, who has for the last four years been the business manager of the Thalia Theatre, the Thalia Opera company, and the different Corried and Herrmann companies, is spending the Summer at the various watering resorts within easy reach of the city. Mr. Koenig, who has not yet signed for next season, is well acquainted with the press throughout the West, California and Canada.

George W. Reed, business manager of the People's Theatre, Chicago, left for the latter city on Monday. He reports having booked forty-five weeks of "gilt edged attractions" only, nearly all of whom play their first Chicago date with him. The theatre, remodelled at a cost of \$30,000, which is \$10,000 more than the original calculation, will be ready for its inaugural as a first-class \$150 house on August 18.

The Lyceum Theatre will reopen on Monday week (August 20) with many improvements added for the comfort of its patrons. Mr. Frohman's comedy company, headed by E. H. Sothern in *Lord Chumley*, will be the opening production. The regular stock company will not appear until November. This week they end a four weeks' engagement in San Francisco, and open in Los Angeles next Monday.

Captain Jack Crawford and Sheridan Corby, his manager, are rusticating at the villa of John Woodard at Keyport, N. J. Captain Crawford will open his season with *Fonda* at Keyport on the 24th inst., New England and the Middle States to follow. Mr. Corby has just added the Bijou Quartette of Boston to the company, and everything is working auspiciously for the success of both play and star. Mr. Corby is a wide-awake manager, and has made most excellent bookings.

Barton Hill is tarrying in New York on his way to St. Paul, Minnesota, where he will be stage manager of the People's Theatre. The company opened the theatre on June 11 for a preliminary season, and has turned out so successful that it will be continued right along. It is a healthy sign when it is considered that there are no stock companies of any importance outside of New York, Boston and San Francisco. The company comprises A. S. Lipman, in leading business; Charles Wingate, R. F. Cotton, Frederick Huetner, Chas. Stanley, Harold Russell, Lodski Young, as leading lady; Lisette Le Baron as juvenile, Mary Myers, first old woman; Sallie Williams, soubrette; Ella Lamphier, walking lady, and an efficient utility staff.

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Blake, H. S.
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Coyner, Geo. E.
Crawford, Lott
Carry, Eleanor
Crawford, C. F.
Conrad, George
Carleton, W. T.
Campbell, J. W.
Carran, J. J.
Crosby, Edward
Campbell, Florence
Carleton, Todd
Covey, W. A.
Covey, Bertie
Dingus, R. S.
Dixey, H. E.
Dewey, Jack
Decker, C. R.
Davis, H. A.
Dally, John
DeSchmidt, Louis
De Bar, Blanche
Durham, S.
Darling, J. J.
Daniel, Frank
Dewling, I. J.
Dunphy, Louis
Driscoll, Harry
DeBar, Robt.
Edwards, Harry
Ezra, J. K.
"Exchanges"
Eaton, Grace
Evans and Hoy
Flynn, G. W.
Frye, Louis
Felt, J. C.
Farnes, Owen
Fornet, A. H.
Fry, Hugh
Frost's Opera Co.
Flores, Nell
Fort, Joe
Fisher, F. D.
Ginn
Gilbert, Hapley Co.
Gervais, E.
Gray, Ada
Gardner, A. R.
Gordon, J.
Gordon, J. A.
Graham, C. L.
Graham, C. R.
Gill, Wm.
Hamphrey, Mr.
Hampshire, D.
Hille, O. Kane
Hendley, Arthur
Hays, J. W.
Hart, D.
Holmes, Raymond
Hend, R. E.
Hayden Wm.
Hester, Bessie
Hester, William
Henderson, Agnes
Johnson, George A. D.
Johnson, O. L.
Johnson, Fanny
Kendall, Francis
King Bridge Agt.
Kearney, Alex.

The American market always invites "the best that's going," irrespective of where it comes from, and 1888-89 will bring our theatre-goers a varied and polyglottish assortment of artists from foreign shores. Let us hope they will do well only if they deserve well.

Among the early starters we notice an unfortunately large number of queer ventures, which appear to have nothing whatever to depend upon but wind. Some on their face indicate certain failure; others are as bizarre in character as unstable in backing; many are suspiciously near to disaster before they actually commence operations. To these we extend our commiseration in advance.

While the drawbacks of an election year are not to be sneezed at, nor left out of managerial calculations, at the same time we are far from thinking that they have struck terror to the brave and sturdy hearts of our level-headed managers. Indeed, several of these inform us that they anticipate much larger business in certain sections this year than last.

As for New York—neither politics nor anything else can seriously divert the minds of her citizens from the playhouse. The theatre has no warmer place in any peoples' affections than it has in the members of this community. Our big, bustling, glorious, imperial city needs amusement at all times and under all circumstances, and most of the time it gets what it wants. The new season—politics or no politics—will be no exception to the rule.

The Gutter-Press.

In London, even to a greater extent than in New York, there exists a dark circle of journalistic outcasts who manage to eke out a precarious living by prostituting such talents as nature has bestowed upon them.

They sell themselves unhesitatingly to whoever will pay their small price. They solicit with the same brazen effrontery that characterizes the strumpets who prowl the streets at night in quest of prey. They belch forth upon reputable people who will neither patronize nor consort with bad characters the same sort of vituperation which is familiar to the lips of the abandoned and the vile. They have no more honesty than the common thief. They lie like the devil. In their public and private dealings honor is as foreign to their understandings as decency itself.

The law of libel—too loose in texture and too lax in administration—is totally inadequate to meet their offences, and so, emboldened by immunity from punishment, there is scarcely any depth of depravity to which these scoundrels will not descend.

The stage is peculiarly afflicted with them. A good many weak-minded people connected with it fall easy victims to the wiles or the threats of the disreputable class in question, and they are located and "bled" as readily by the latter as a bunco-steerer spots the visitor from the rural regions. Our esteemed London contemporary, *The Whitehall Review* makes some sensible remarks in connection with this matter, and, as they apply in a measure to the condition of affairs on this side of the ocean, we are glad to give them an American circulation:

If managers and players are anxious to elevate the stage and its surroundings in popular esteem, they should unite in discountenancing and deterring not to recognize that portion of the press which panders to the sublimity and vitiated taste, and which enjoys to read about the private lives of actors and actresses, if so be that in those lives there is something secret or disreputable. There are writers who, when they come to write about the stage, seek to make out that there is virtue with either the men or the women who follow the dramatic profession. The pity is that, either through fear of exposure or a love for notoriety, so many members of the profession recognize the writers and encourage the papers to which they belong. We have never seen, nor do we see, any account for the stage being recognized by missions and patronized by the Church, but we do see room for a better moral tone being more universally associated with the playhouse. It will, of course, be the province of the better players because they are paragons of virtue. We are thinking of no such idle nonsense as that. All we ask, all we can expect, is that managers, with actors and actresses, should combine to frustrate even the ephemeral success of those press men who are known to live by means of ventilating playhouse scandal. Managers need not fear the possible vituperation which would be the outcome of a general boycotting of that gutter-press which thrives on the private vice, real and imaginary, of the less worthy members of the dramatic profession, and has no higher aim than the dissemination of playhouse filth and garbage.

Here, happily, the evil is by no means so rampant or so dangerous as it would appear to be in England. But yet there are certain managers, and certain actors and actresses, that have so little concern for the dignity and the respectability of their profession, so little regard for themselves, that they throw out favors to what our contemporary very properly calls the gutter-press, much as a servant throws a bone to a yelping cur outside the area railings.

Our profession, however, are not so badly situated as their English brethren, for years ago, led by the best and sturdiest elements within the theatrical boundaries, the majority united, and stripping the ribald rascals of support, left them thereafter to wallow impotently in congenial filth.

Personal.

SCOTT—Cyril Scott has been engaged to support Minnie Maddern.

CURTISSE—Blanche Curtisse is visiting friends at Noroton, Conn.

BELLEW—Kyrle Bellew will be Mrs. Potter's leading man again the coming season.

ARONSON—Edward Aronson returned to the city from the Adirondacks on Monday.

GERALD—Florence Gerald, who dramatized Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde for Mariande Clarke, is writing a novel.

MATHEW—Margaret Mathew arrived on Tuesday from England on the *Servia*. She is at the Westminster.

CARSON—Emma Carson sailed for England by the *Werra* on Saturday last for a three-months' European tour.

ROBERTSON—Dr. T. S. Robertson has returned from a brief yachting trip in the vicinity of New London.

ANDERSON—The patriotic Mary Anderson will again bring over an English company to support her here the coming season.

CRAIGEN—Maida Craigen has returned from Europe, and has been specially engaged for *The Bells of Haslemere* at the Boston Museum.

EVANS—Alice Evans, a pretty little soubrette, formerly of A Night Off company, has been engaged to go with A Brass Monkey the coming season.

MILES—Mrs. R. E. J. Miles, wife of the manager, and Mrs. D. G. Edwards, his married daughter, sailed yesterday (Wednesday) on the *Celtic* for Europe.

BILLINGTON—Mrs. Billington, the English character actress, will accompany Mary Anderson to this country and be a member of her company during the American tour.

LOWELL—Helen Lowell denies the statement that she is to be a member of Frank Daniels' company next season. She has not yet signed to go with any organization.

WALCOT—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott, who never visited San Francisco before their present trip with the Lyceum Theatre company, have met with marked favor there.

WELBY—Bertha Welby will not appear in the cast of Philip Herne, as previously announced, but later on in the season she will appear in some of J. M. Hill's productions.

FLORENCE—W. J. Florence will publish a volume of his Christmas stories through Bedford, Clarke and Co., this Autumn, and it is also said to be his intention to write a book of reminiscences.

ROSA—Paul Rosa and six members of her company sailed for Europe yesterday by the *City of Rome*. Miss Rosa begins an engagement the latter part of this month at the Liverpool Alexandra Theatre.

KELLER—John E. Keller sailed from England for this country by the *Egypt* on Thursday last. He received an offer from Drury Lane while in London to play heavy leads, but decided at once that America was good enough for him.

FLEISHMANN—Simon Fleishmann, the clever dramatic critic of the *Buffalo Courier*, was in town on Monday, on his way to the seashore, where he always passes his vacation. Mr. Fleishmann says theatres are multiplying more rapidly in his city than theatre goers.

LINDEN—Augustus Linden, Rudolph Aronson's secretary, was married last week to Miss Dorr, of Liverpool. The presents were numerous and costly, and the happy couple are now spending their honeymoon at Saratoga and Niagara Falls.

CAYVAN—Georgia Cayvan's portrait appears on the title page of this issue. Miss Cayvan has firmly entrenched herself in the admiration and esteem of New York play-goers, and not the least of this popularity is due to her excellent acting in *The Wife*.

TEAL—Ben Teal will commence rehearsals of *The Kafir Diamond* at the Broadway next Monday. This young and intelligent director has been sadly overworked during the Summer, and longs for a few sniffs of new mown hay or the stimulating zephyr of Neptune.

DANIELS—Carrie Daniels is reported to have made a capital impression in Chicago by her pleasing portrayal of the character of Oberon, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at McVicker's, added to which she received especial praise from press and public for her exquisite singing.

PALMER—In connection with the affairs of Bartley Campbell, it should be mentioned that A. M. Palmer volunteered to assume the responsibility and do the work of the receivership without any compensation whatever, in the hope of aiding the family of the unfortunate playwright.

HENRY—Charles Henry, the general director, inventor and one of the patentees of the mechanical and scenic effects employed in *The Taking of New Orleans*, the realistic fireworks drama now exhibited at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, will be at liberty after the middle of September for business or stage management.

SCHÖNBERG—Word reaches THE MIRROR from a source that may or may not be reliable, that the dramatization of "The Quick or the Dead," which is to be done by Estelle Clayton at the Fifth Avenue next month, and about whose authorship an air of deep and impenetrable mystery is being preserved, is the work of James Schönberg.

HOWARD—Bronson Howard asks THE MIRROR to contradict the statement that the new comedy which he has written for the Bos-

ton Museum will be seen at the Broadway Theatre in this city. Mr. Howard says that the piece goes on at the Museum in the Autumn, but no arrangement has yet been made for a metropolitan production.

DRAKE—G. B. Drake, who left the ranks of the profession, where he had been known as a metropolitan favorite in juvenile and character roles some four years ago, to enter upon his studies as a painter, has returned to the city from Chicago, where he opened a studio. Mr. Drake will resume professional work, although he will not discontinue his artistic studies.

An Evasive Explanation.

With all deference to Clark S. Sammis' explanation, published in another column, several important things in THE MIRROR's statement last week he fails to explain or even notice. That some of the members of his company were left in Toronto by him, without means even to defray their hotel bills, etc., has been established by authority we are not prepared to question; that some of the members pawned their jewelry in order to raise means to return, is also evaded in his explanation; that he hired a coupe and drove to a steamer in company with his musical director, and took passage to Buffalo unknown to his company is not denied; that there are even now, for all we know, several of his company in Toronto unable to get away, is not gainsaid by Mr. Sammis.

The stress of his communication seems to be laid upon the fact of his financial failure, and the lack of appreciation by the Toronto people of his entertainment. This is ingeniously pleaded by Mr. Sammis, but the main statements of THE MIRROR's article, wherein he was accused of being culpably reprehensible in his acts, and worse than all, of his desertion of his impoverished company at a period when they most needed his assistance, are entirely ignored.

As to his statement that everyone of his company had signed with him for next season, it may be true in some cases; but he is sadly in error when he says our informant is one of the number, for the party still holds contracts (signed only by himself), which he endeavored to get the party in question to sign, but which the said party refused to do.

Mr. Sammis may have had hard luck, but until he gives a more consistent and reliable statement of facts, THE MIRROR can only believe his recent experiment was not conducted on the strictest principles of probity—leaving humanity out of the question.

In the Courts.

TO SETTLE A DISAGREEMENT.

Manager J. M. Hill is again at law—this time over the rebuilding of the Union Square Theatre, in which he, perhaps, is the most interested party. The difficulty could not be settled amicably, hence the matter was taken into the Supreme Court to have it settled in accordance with legal doctrine. The chief parties to the suit are Charles E. Vernaam, the lessee of the Morton House, on one hand, and Charles Phelps Palmer and the other trustees of the Courtland Palmer estate, which owns the Morton House property, on the other.

When the reconstruction of the theatre was proposed the Building Bureau of the Fire Department raised the question as to whether it could ever be rebuilt and used as a place of entertainment. The building laws with reference to theatres are more stringent than ever before, especially with relation to exits. When the Building Bureau came to apply the new laws to the proposed reconstruction of the theatre it was found necessary to arrange for exits on the Broadway, Union Square and Fourth Avenue sides. The additional space required for the new exits was to be taken from the Morton House property, which necessarily would deprive Mr. Vernaam of much valuable room. Other space was required for the walls of the theatre and heavy piers and foundations. Mr. Vernaam's lease runs until July 1st at an annual rental of \$50,000. Negotiations between the representatives of the estate and Mr. Vernaam resulted in his conceding a great deal of room for the theatre, and for which concession he was to be given a reduction of \$4,500 rent per annum. By this arrangement Mr. Vernaam surrendered for the use of the theatre the space hitherto occupied by the hotel office and other portions of the hotel property. As the work progressed, Mr. Vernaam stated, it became necessary to further encroach upon the hotel premises. Mr. Vernaam remonstrated against any curtailment of his property beyond that expressly stipulated for, and as the difficulty could not be peacefully settled the law had to be resorted to.

Mr. Vernaam applied to the Supreme Court for an injunction to restrain the trustees of the estate from further encroaching upon his portion of the hotel. Mr. Vernaam's attorney, Judge O'Brien, argued the motion before Judge O'Brien in Supreme Court Chambers last week, claiming that the intended further encroachments were entirely unwarranted and not in accordance with the plans for the building as required by the Fire Department, and that Mr. Vernaam was aware of all the changes before they were made. The judge reserved his decision.

JUDGMENTS AGAINST VERNER AND JOYCE.

Joe Schmitt has obtained two judgments in the City Court against Charles E. Verner and James F. Joyce, aggregating \$340.87. The judgments were secured in two suits brought to recover the value of notes made by Verner and Joyce, and also borrowed money. In the one suit Schmitt charged that between the 12th and 18th of September last, Verner and Joyce made five promissory notes, aggregating \$600, the payment of which was refused by Schmitt to recover \$310.49, which the defendants borrowed from him at various times between the 2nd of September and the 2d of November, 1886, and which they promised to pay on demand, but which they neglected to do. Verner and Joyce interposed no defence to the suits and judgments were entered against them by default.

Rich and Harris' New Attractions.

William Harris, of Rich and Harris, of the Howard Atherum, Boston, reached this city on Monday. He has been back from Europe—where he went early in May in search of important novelties for the Howard Atherum Specialty company—two weeks. The organization which he manages is to play in first class theatres next season.

"This troupe is the principal attraction in the company, and I think it will make the Americans' eyes open. Besides these people I have secured Lydia Yeamans, who, as you know, is an American girl, although she has been in Europe for three years. Without a doubt Miss Yeamans is the best singer over there. Then I have Tennyson and O'Gorman, seat Irish singers and dancers, the Polakos, comic acrobats, O. A. Descau, the ventriloquist, Mr. Descau has purchased new figure in Paris for \$750, and his ventriloquist act will be entirely new. Besides all these I have my old stand-bys, James Hoy and Wood and Shepherd. While on the other side I also engaged a lot of people for the following season, and for next season, too, I have the Leopold Family, whom I present in a new musical comedy. In fact, taking the people for this season and the next that I have secured, there is really nothing of value over there now."

"The season of the Howard Atherum company will open at Bangor, Me., on September 10, and then play the Eastern circuit. We open at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on January 9, for two weeks, and later in the season play at the Star Theatre. Our time is all booked in 'the best theatre'."

Theatricals in San Francisco.

Charles Frohman arrived in the city on Sunday direct from San Francisco. In conversation with a Mirror representative he said:

"I have just returned after witnessing two weeks' performances of *The Wife*, and after it was settled that the production of Featherbrain would be abandoned the extra people who were engaged for the production, were paid and dismissed. The *Wife* will run out the entire four weeks of the Baldwin Theatre engagement, by Mr. Hayman's request. The first week's receipts were nearly \$5,000 over those of the memorable big week of Hassel Kirke, when we presented the play out there four years ago. Since arriving here we are in receipt of a telegram giving the third week's receipts which almost reach that of the second, with a large 'take' for the final week. The success of the play was such that it drew the same people over and over, while theatre parties, the largest of which was one of eighty-five people, which came some 300 miles to see the play, were also a great feature."

"Of course in face of the business done by *The Wife*, there was no opportunity to present Featherbrain. The history of the latter piece, by the way, is rather a curious one. The production, which is very heavy in the way of detail, has been in complete shape at the Lyceum Theatre for the past six months, and a duplicate set of scenery is now lying in the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, neither having been used."

"But to return to *The Wife*, which has been very well received by the San Francisco press in a manner not only gratifying but remarkable, when it is considered that they have had out there not only the best Eastern stock companies, but also the best of the West, which comprised many artists who are now important Eastern stars. I refer particularly to one company which they had, that included James O'Neill, Rose Coghlan, Lillian Lewis, Mary Astor, Louis Harrison, John T. Raymond, John McCullough, and others of great strength. I candidly believe that the Lyceum company could have remained for months. As it is, arrangements have now been made to send E. H. Sotherton, who has been very successful during the Winter, and for a long engagement of the Lyceum Theatre company there next Summer. Mr. Palmer's Madison Square Theatre company open at the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night in *Parfums*, and it will get a big reception. The new Baldwin Theatre, upon which \$50,000 were spent, has been remarkably successful since its opening, and Mr. Hayman will see his biggest season there yet. I saw a very large party and Dunham Thompson were eminently successful and Miss Davenport, when I left, was creating a furore in the surrounding country. She plays this week in Portland, Oregon, closing at Monterey, where she will come to New York by steamer. The trip takes thirty days, and in that way she will get quite a rest."

"The old California Theatre, which was the scene of many dramatic triumphs, gave its last performance last Sunday night. The entire building is now being raised, and when the public are again invited to go there it will be a brand new theatre, which will also be under Al. Hayman's management. The Lyceum Theatre company's success, by the way, has entirely disproved the statement made common property through frequent repetition that theatrical business was dull in the Summer in San Francisco, in consequence of the people leaving town. The *Wife* has been very successful, and it is considered that only one play was presented. 'I do not think that any theatre company has ever before played one piece successfully for so long a time there. The company will now visit Denver, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston and Brooklyn, and then to the home theatre, where they will have a tour that will match their successes here last Winter. I am back now to stay through the Winter, and shall be interested in several productions here.'"

Letters to the Editor.

MR. SAMMIS' EXPLANATION.

New York, August 3, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—Under the heading, "Another Company Left Stranded," you have passed severe strictures upon my integrity and conduct as a manager which are not only most unjust but entirely unwarranted by the true facts of the case. I entirely agree with you that a manager who takes a company away from their homes with no cash in hand to meet a reasonable amount of bad luck is acting most unfairly, and were the story as told by your informant true your remarks would be perfectly fair. Unfortunately "the mirror" has but one side and can only reflect what happens to be before it at the time, and you are to blame for not remembering that others will change the whole picture. Had you inquired more fully into the facts of your informant's story you would never have published the article in question, which is calculated to injure my reputation with those who do not know me.

Probably the best reply to the whole article is contained in the fact that every one of the company—your informant (one of the victims) among the number—has, since the closing of our unfortunate season in Toronto, applied for engagements with as good or better results. This shows that I retain their confidence, and that they do not consider me a "speculative would-be manager." Three-fourths of the company are going with me next season, and come I have no right to refuse. Result: Article in THE MIRROR above referred to.

And now, sir, I will briefly tell my story: While in Toronto last season I was requested by many influential citizens, all the press men and hotel proprietors, to give a season of comic opera at Doty's Island Casino. I had glowing promises presented to me of the success we were sure to meet with, and many promises of help. I went into the matter fully and found from the ferry books that an average of 400 people visited the Island daily, and as they all go there "on pleasure bent" I figured upon getting at least one out of ten into the Casino, which would have shown a fair profit even at the low prices we charged. Consequently I entered into a contract and engaged a first-class company.

Before leaving New York I advanced \$400 to members of the company, paid \$100 for railway fares to Mr. Beckley of the Erie Railroad, and expended over \$400 more for costumes, scenery, wig, etc. The delay in the company's getting their trunks was not because they were hypothecated for railway fares, but was owing to the customs arrangement.

We opened to very bad business, although our performances were excellent, and this bad luck followed us, our entire takings during the two weeks being only \$430, and as there seemed no prospect of business improving, I decided to close. I have paid out in cash \$1,864. All of the company have had money from me, some more, some less. The kindness I have met with from the majority of the company is some compensation for the losses I have sustained.

When we closed I at once set to work to get all the company to New York, and arranged for their fares with Mr. Howard Ball, of the D. L. and W. R. R., and gave my personal note to Mr. Van Wormer, of the Grand Pacific Hotel, for the hotel bills. I also got engagements for as many members as wished at the Music Hall, Buffalo, and having arranged for the return of the company I left for New York. Every dollar of the balance due members of the company will be paid in full as soon as I get on my feet again. The actor, sir, is not always the only "victim" often times the manager must lead the list of the unfortunate, and never more than in this case. Yours very truly,

CLARK S. SAMMIS.

A FRENCH CRITIC'S FRANK OPINION.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 25, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—I have read for several years all the theatrical organs of France, Italy, England and America, and I am greatly pleased to acknowledge that THE NEW YORK MIRROR is the best paper I have ever found, and contains more interesting topics than any other dramatic journal of both continents. Nym Crinkle's feature is, as ought to be, the rule and guide of dramatists, composers and actors; his hints are worth gold.

Yours very devotedly, DE SOLLY BARBIE.

Chrois-quer Musical de la Revue Littéraire et Artistique de Paris.

* * The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

The Season's Approach.

The surface of things theatrical seems quiet and dull enough just at present, but down in the depths there is a good deal of movement.

Within the next four weeks nearly every part of the professional machinery will be set in motion, and there will be an amount of hustling in amusement circles only equaled by that of the political workers.

As is usual in the year of the presidential elections the season begins very soon. There are some advantages in an early start. Managers who have none too much capital to float their enterprises either clear enough to see them safely through the political excitement and its depressing effects, or lose so much that they close and come in while there is yet time for another move. The weather will probably have more influence on late August and early September business than the campaign. Old Humidity is a worse enemy to the box-office than party feeling and rival demonstrations.

In the list of attractions to take the road there is a sufficient number of new and novel ones, added to the standard and established circle, to give the outlook of the coming season an extra fillip of interest.

The Usher.



Read him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The death of William Davidge was no altogether a surprise to those familiar with his condition. For several years he was a martyr to rheumatism, which settled in the region of the heart and finally killed him.

Many people respected and admired Mr. Davidge—but few liked him. He hadn't a particle of policy; he always spoke his own mind with the utmost freedom, and utterly without regard to his own personal interest or to those toes were trod on. The result was that those who met him casually were wont to consider him a crusty, ill-mannered old curmudgeon whose chief delight was to find fault with something or somebody.

But those who were permitted to peer beneath William Davidge's somewhat crabbed and uninviting exterior, found there such qualities as are extremely rare and commendable.

They saw a man who loved truth and honor before all else; who would rather starve than do another man a wrong; who was vigilantly zealous in his duty as citizen, father, actor; who early in life fixed a severe standard of integrity for his guidance, and obstinately adhered to it through thick and thin, in sunshine and in storm.

And so as a man, as well as in his professional capacity, William Davidge was vastly the superior of many actors personally more popular but not so honest and fearlessly outspoken as he.

When Davidge thought he was right wild horses could not swerve him from a given view or line of conduct.

He was one of the officers and leading spirits in the old Dramatic Fund Association, and it was in a measure due to his exertions that the plan of dissolving and dividing that concern and its accumulations was agitated and finally adopted. To John Gilbert now probably falls the task of pushing the scheme along.

"Would you, Mr. Davidge," said a friend one day, who was anxious to get him to withdraw from the arrangement, "be willing to accept \$500—the amount which will accrue to you in the event of division—for your claim?" The veteran glared at the speaker.

"Not while I have breath in my lungs and a tongue in my mouth!" he exclaimed. "It's a matter of principle, sir, principle, do you hear?" And so it was, although there was a question on which side of the case the principle lay.

If there was any sort of man Mr. Davidge hated more than a liar, it was a manager. He had several times in his career suffered injury at the hands of managers, and he had a heavy hatred and contempt for the class.

But there was nobody in the guild he more thoroughly detested than Augustin Daly. The reason for this particular dislike was the fact that when Daly was in very hard luck—at the Fifth Avenue, I believe—and was about to close, he offered Davidge a benefit. The latter had not for some time been receiving his full salary, and he was glad to accept the tender. But when it came to a settlement for the house Daly charged so much against the receipts—which were large—for the use of the theatre and the other expenses, that Davidge received virtually nothing.

This angered him. He waited some years until Daly had got on his legs again, and then sent him a letter demanding the paltry sum which had long been due him on account of this benefit. Davidge showed me a copy of that letter a year ago, and I readily concede that it was one of the most stinging arraignments any man was ever subjected to by another. It brought a cheque in payment of the debt, but it did not serve to make Daly like Davidge better, or vice versa. On every possible occasion the latter denounced his willful manager in unmeasured terms.

Before Joseph Arthur produced *The Still Alarm* at the Fourteenth Street, Nym Crinkle denied that he had anything to do with its authorship. On the first night Joseph Arthur, in a speech of thanks, referred to Mr. Crinkle as his gifted collaborator. Later, in an interview with an out-of-town reporter, he said he was the sole author, and the allusion to Crinkle was a friendly joke. Now, by the English papers I perceive that Arthur is trotting out Crinkle as the single writer of the piece. What does it mean? Does Joseph unwarrantably use Nym to bear the possible brunt of criticism whenever a new and important

verdict is challenged? For the sake of the records this point ought to be cleared up.

If the somewhat meagre cable accounts are credible, neither Mansfield's nor Bandmann's Jekyll and Hyde has set London wild. The excerpts from the criticisms show that *THE MIRROR*'s view of the dramatizations is adopted, the impossibility of making a satisfactory play of Stevenson's psychological nightmare finding immediate recognition. Mansfield's cleverness is duly applauded, but Bandmann—who was thought by many here to be superior to his rival in the dual role—is figuratively "ripped up the back." Things must be dull indeed in London when a cyclone of interest can be raised over a dramatic rivalry of such dimensions.

A Few Errors Corrected.

The death of the gifted playwright, Bartley Campbell, naturally revives interest in his career. I have read fifteen or twenty notices in as many different newspapers, purporting to give a history of his dramatic writings. None of them have been entirely correct, although *THE MIRROR*'s, naturally, is most nearly so.

I speak particularly of his first efforts, of which I have personal knowledge. Campbell's first attempt at dramatic composition was a hodge-podge called, I think, *The Aborigines*. It was written in '69 or '70, and played in Pittsburgh for the benefit (I think) of W. H. Leake, who was leading man of the stock company.

Campbell was at that time a reporter on a local paper. The affair, or nightmare, as Bartley often called it, was in one or two acts, and about twenty scenes, and was supposed to represent a very early period in Pittsburgh's history. It was full of Indians and frontiersmen. It was played for one consecutive performance.

Bartley's first real play was *Peril*, and it was played at the Pittsburgh Opera House under the management of Ellsler and Gotthold, in 1871. W. H. Leake and Annie Walte, friends of Campbell's, were playing a star engagement of one week, and *Peril* was brought out on Thursday or Friday evening of their engagement. Mr. and Mrs. Leake, Mr. Gotthold and myself were in the cast. The play was crude and sketchy, but there was meat in it, and two or three of those bright touches for which Campbell later became famous. Bartley at once rewrote the play upon lines suggested by the leading members of the cast, took it to Philadelphia, where he had received an opening for it at Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre.

Later in the season he returned with it to Pittsburgh, where, in its new shape, it ran a week. He brought from Philadelphia an attractive lady for the leading female role, a Miss Phyllis Glover, now deceased.

During the same season—'71-72—he wrote his second play called *Through Fire*, a sensational melodrama and a good one. It was also played by the Pittsburgh stock company, and did a good week's business. This drama fell into unfortunate hands and was afterward played under the title of *Watch and Wait*. This play, in the hands of a popular actor, would undoubtedly have achieved pronounced success. I think *THE MIRROR* errs in confounding this play with *The Lower Million*. *Through Fire* did not touch upon the labor question. In 1873 Campbell located at Hooley's, Chicago, where he produced *Fate and Risks*. Both were splendidly mounted and well cast, and both achieved success. After being extensively played through the West, these dramas fell into the hands respectively of Carlotta LeClerc and John T. Raymond. I was in Chicago, at another house, during this season, and saw both of these plays with the original casts. I was greatly pleased with *Fate and Risks*, and should consider it a very valuable piece of property, but for the reason that it has been so persistently barnstormed through the country, under different titles, for fifteen years.

From 1873 until the end of his career I readily concede that *THE MIRROR* knows more of Campbell's career than I do.

MILTON NOBLES

Dramatic Horse Reporters.

Another illustration of the indifferent methods employed by many of the dailies in reporting a performance was exemplified on Friday last, on the occasion of the production of *Othello* by an amateur cast at the Windsor Theatre. Most of the papers were represented by beardless boys and horse reporters, who made sporadic efforts to criticize the performance, few having the sense to understand that, with one exception, the cast was composed of the leading members of societies of Jersey City, Brooklyn and New York, who got up the entertainment simply for the edification of their friends, and were not aware that they were to become targets for shots as professionals.

Stanislaus Stange, a professional, was employed to direct and stage the piece, and was prevailed upon to play Iago, which he did so satisfactorily that he received four curtain calls and an enthusiastic call in the middle of an act. The audience was composed of the best people, friends of the members of the societies, yet the *Telegram* said most of it "came from Mulberry street." The *Press* said "it was a funny lot of amateurs, and the funniest of all was Mr. Stange." After praising the play the *World* said "Mr. Stange overacted in part," and the *Evening World* classed him as "an unintelligent laggard." In the face of the applause he received during the evening the beardless boys' opinions seem very flat. Mr. Stange was the only professional in the cast, and he received sustained praise for his assumption of the part.

It is strange that newspapers that are continually boasting of their facilities for giving truthful reports of current events should so stultify themselves by such examples of contrary enterprise as is daily evidenced in their dramatic columns. Here is an instance where a reputable professional, who not only had the direction of the performance on his shoulders but the stage to manage, but sustained one of the principal characters to the satisfaction of the audience, receives unjust reprobation at the hands of a set of incompetent amateur writers—it would be a perversion to call them critics—in his inextinguishable damage and hurt. It is time the proprietors of our ponder-

ous dailies were brought to a sense of the position they hold in the dramatic profession by delegating cheap and ignorant writers to the task of reporting on the intelligent and capable criticism of dramatic performances and events. In some cases out of ten, we venture to say, they are themselves ignorant of the fact that they get the work done at a nominal figure, and are satisfied, quite unawares, of the irreparable damage an unfair and unjust line or two may do to the conscientious actor. They profess antipathy in a way, and care but little whose course they tread upon or whose reputations they slatter, so long as their presses keep their stomachs lined with the prevalence of prosperity.

Professors have come to realize the utter hopelessness of fair treatment at the hands of many of the metropolitan dailies, and look to *THE MIRROR* for just, competent and impartial criticisms of their merits.

George H. Adams' Tour.

"Yes, I am very much pleased with the rehearsals of the He, She, Him and Her company," said George H. Adams to a *MIRROR* reporter. "C. R. Gardiner is my manager, and he has done far more for the piece than I expected, but he shares my faith in its success, and is spending money on it. We carry over thirty people, of whom twenty-six are actors. They all can sing and dance, and represent forty-two speaking parts. The scenery and mechanical portion of the entertainment are novel, peculiar and full of surprises. We have a male and female quartette, lady fencers, tennis club, a base-ball nine, dancing ensembles, a sextette song-and-dance, and plenty of bright, sparkling, original music. The worst-out selections from the opera so familiar to us are introduced, with lines and situations suited to each. Yes, that is why we call it a speaking-pantomime. C. F. Brown wrote the play, and has fitted us all to a nicety. We open at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, on August 30, but shall play two or three nights en route to get easy."

Meeting of the Fund's Trustees.

The trustees of the Actors' Fund held their regular monthly meeting on Thursday last. President A. M. Palmer was in the chair. The other members of the board present were Louis Aldrich, William Henderson, William H. Morton, of Chicago; Antonio Pastor, Edw. Knowles and Harry Watkins.

The Cemetery Committee reported a donation from Edward Gottschalk of \$5 to the Monument Fund. A report from the Membership Committee showed a marked increase in the membership over a corresponding period in any previous year. Chairman Aldrich, of the Dramatic Bureau Committee, reported the Bureau to be in a flourishing condition. The Reading Room and Library Committee reported a donation of books and programs from the Library of the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, also a life-size portrait in oil of Charlotte Cushman, presented by Griffith Morris. The trustees adjourned to meet on Thursday, September 6.

Professional Doings.

Rehearsals of *Z* began at the Star next Monday. Harry Miner's Zita company opens its season on Sept. 1 at the Grand Opera House.

Libby Kirk is the latest engagement for E. M. Gardiner's Streets of New York.

Agnes Evans has signed to go with Evans and Hoey's Parlor Match next season.

Arthur Giles will arrive from Europe shortly. He went over in search of new plays.

Charles W. Allison has signed to go with Ada Gilman as comedian next season.

Miss Doreen and M. O'Connell, the dancers, have been engaged for *The Arabian Nights*.

Amelia Watts has been engaged to play Clara Henshaw in *Kentuck* next season.

J. E. Nugent has concluded not to place *The Fugitive* on the road until after the Presidential election.

Fanny Davenport recently canceled a date at San Bernardino, Cal., to remain in the waves at Del Monte.

Kate Castleton will leave San Francisco for New York to-morrow (Friday) to begin rehearsals of her new piece.

Ed Williams, manager of *Mora*, has secured the right of *A Mountain Plink* for his star the coming season.

T. H. Winnett, whose office is at 30 Union Square, is in want of a high-priced attraction for a first-class theatre.

The Opera House at Wheeling, West Virginia, has opened its season August 29, and 31—for a good attraction.

Edwin F. Davidson is at liberty to accept an engagement as treasurer or advance agent for some good company.

A Singsat Cat is the title of the latest play by Charles H. Hoyt. George Richards will play the leading role.

What country is it that buries young men and women alive when they begin to develop dramatic symptoms?

The season of the Grand Opera House will open on Saturday, August 26, with *Kate Castleton* in *The World Against Her*.

The actor who preaches domestic economy to his wife is apt to practice it out of her sight in the small club rooms.

Thomas E. Garrick and John M. Sturgess, tragedians, will open their regular season at Newhall, Ill., on August 26.

Rehearsals of the Kimbell Opera company will commence at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, August 26.

The circumlocutionary cyclops continues to hover around the big-headed writer of melodramatic ads. and musical programmes.

A. J. Pichard, last season at the Grand Opera House, will do the press work at Proctor's Hartford Theatre next season.

R. Constant Varian has been engaged for the juvenile parts in Edwin F. Mayo's company, which opens its season on Sept. 10.

H. W. Napier has been engaged for the Streets of New York company, which begins rehearsals next Wednesday in Hoboken.

The James Wainwright company will commence rehearsals at the Grand Opera House, St. Paul, Minn., on Tuesday, August 27.

W. J. Ferguson is spending the summer at Fallbrook, N. Y., where he will remain until rehearsals of *Jim the Farmer* begin.

The Conrad Opera company will open the season of the new Opera House, Sioux City, Iowa, on Sept. 24, playing for one week.

Many combinations will doubtless come in during the next three months to give the stock a chance to prepare a new President.

The new people engaged for the stock company of the People's Theatre, St. Paul, by Al. Lipman, is fit for that city on Tuesday night.

Mavourneen has been selected as the title of the new Irish play, written by George H. Jessop and Horace Townsend, for W. J. Scanlan.

Lorraine is now in rehearsal by McCull's Opera company at Wallack's, although so date has been settled upon for its revival.

Charles L. Andrews is negotiating for the management of a theatre in a town of several thousand inhabitants not far from New York.

Lizzie Evans will star next season in a new play written for her, entitled *The Buckeye*. C. E. Callahan will continue to be her manager.

Wright Huntington is summing up at Moodus, Conn., where he will remain until August 15, when rehearsals of *Jim the Farmer* begin.

Senior and Junior, a comedy-drama from the Germans, which was produced last week in San Francisco, did not meet with public approval.

Manager John J. Holmes, of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has gone on a trip to Saratoga, Lake George and the White Mountains.

Danman Thompson and George W. Ryer's new play, *The Two Sisters*, will receive its first production at Worcester, Mass., on the 24th inst.

Stephen Leach's company, with Charles Mortimer in *Broken Hearts*, opened the new Opera House at Hackensack, N. J., on Monday night.

Sedley Brown, while summing up at Youngstown, Ohio, has managed to evolve a new comedy, which he will try to get opening for its season.

William Renown has returned from Europe, and will be seen in the character of the emperor at Atlantic City, N. J. He has not yet closed for six seasons.

The Sandwich Islands have been selected as the locale for a comic opera named *Yule*, now being written by George F. Cohan and Fred Solomon.

Theodore Macbeth, treasurer of Hensch's Opera House, Cincinnati, has resigned to accept the management of his father's hotel at Lancaster, Ohio.

William Friend has been engaged as the comedian for Patti Ross's company. He accompanied that lady to Europe yesterday on the *City of Rome*.

Conrad Oliver has been engaged by Charles B. Jefferson to go in advance of the *Shadows of a Great City*, which opens its season in Boston on September 3.

Rehearsals of *Willis, Henshaw* and *Ten Broeck's* *Two Old Cronies* company will commence at the D. D. Street Opera House, Boston, on Thursday, August 26.

Charles K. Verner has written the true story of Shamus O'Brien, in novelette form, for distribution at the different theatres at which he will play the coming season.

Thomas J. Branch has been engaged by Abner and Petrie for the leading juvenile role in *The Ruining Passion*, which opens its season in Baltimore on Sept. 1.

Branch O'Brien, agent for Floy Crowell, left for Portland, Me., yesterday (Wednesday) en route for Bangor, where Miss Crowell's fifth season begins on August 30.

J. R. Stevens has become the lessee of the Temple (Texas) Opera House, vice M. W. Branch, with A. E. Ade as manager. Missie Maddara will open the theatre on October 10.

William Faversham, of the Lyceum Theatre company, will play Leo in *She* next season. The organization opens its season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in November.

William R. Hatch, leading tenor, late of the Strachan Opera company, and Marie Knowles, season of 1878 with *The Arabian Nights*, are at liberty for the coming season.

George E. Gough, formerly manager of Power's Grand Opera House, Grand Rapids, is at liberty to accept position of manager or advance agent for some first-class attraction.

Schultz and Co., of the Zanesville, O., Opera House, offer excellent inducements for a first-class attraction for August 30 and 31, two of the best county fair dates in the West.

Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Washburne and baby are engaged for *Herne's Hearts of Oak*. The company is now rehearsing at Boston, and will open its season at Halifax on Wednesday next.

John Huffel has been engaged as business manager for the Helen Blythe company, which opens its season under the management of J. F. Brien, at Port Jervis, N. Y., on August 25.

Julia S. Murry has been engaged by E. M. Gardiner to go in advance of *Zozo* the coming season. His wife, Maxine Palmer Murry, will be a member of Harry Miner's Zita company.

S. P. Norman, who has been for six years with J. M. Hill, now managing *Sam's* Electric company, which opens its season at Waterbury, Conn., on Sept. 17. Time is being booked rapidly.

J. J. Lemons, of Danville, Illinois, will be musical director of the Vendome Theatre, Nashville, Tennessee, the next season in place of Professor Abbott. The season will open there on September 7.

The Carleton Opera company, whose summer season closes on the 15th at Cincinnati, is busily rehearsing *Mythrae* Jan with the company will open its regular season at Philadelphia Sept. 17.

Poole's Theatre will open its regular season next Monday night with the drama, *Nick of the Woods*. J. B. Studley will assume the leading character, supported by the stock company of the house.

Bronson's Opera House at Painted Post, N. Y., is now out of the hands of the decorators and painters, and ready for business. A good minstrel troupe is wanted by Manager W. F. Bronson about Sept. 1.

John Sparks has been engaged for *Relly and Woods' Comedy company*, which opens its season about the middle of September. He will star in an afterpiece, the company presenting a splendid vaudeville performance.

Miss Ogden has agreed to go with the Cora Van Tassel minstrel company, which opens its season in Elmira on August 30, under the management of Frank Richmond. Charles Gordon has been engaged as business manager.

Ida Van Cortland will commence her sixth annual tour on September 3, under the management of Albert Tavernier, who wishes to engage a juvenile lady, a first old man and stage manager, a singing comedian or character actor and a child.

Eugene Kerrigan has been re-engaged by Manager A. B. Anderson for the part of *Idem*, Bond with Mr. Chas. Fran in *White*, Bennett Willard has been re-engaged for the role of the Major. The season opens at Philadelphia on August 27.

The following is the company to appear in *Drifting Apart*, which opens its season Sept. 3 at Katherine C. Lee's Theatre, New York. The company consists of Mrs. E. E. Rea, James A. Heron, Little Mabel, S. Childs Russell, Walter Perkins and J. P. Deane.

Music Hall, under the management of Hatzfeldt and Morner, Hamilton, Ohio, is a favorite theatre with the profession. It seats 1,200, and is supplied with all the modern appliances. Hamilton is considered one of the best show towns in the West.

J. M. McManis, who for the past six years has been identified with Haverly's and Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, leaves this city next week for Baltimore in advance of *Held by the Enemy*, which opens its season in that city on August 27.

Moore, Jacques Souby, the director of *Miss Thurburn*, Hamilton, Ontario, has been offered the direction of the Opera House in Paris. He will accept the position, which is one of the most raised in the operatic hierarchy in France.

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Hi Henry, the minstrel, will inaugurate a novelty in street parades this season. He has purchased of the Broadway Theatre, two *Venor* and *Venor* street parades, to be ridden by himself and a number of his company in parades, dressed in this stage costumes and in black face.

In addition to *A Green Widow* and *On the Quiet*, owned by Charles T. Purdon, and *Reverend Wild*, Henry will star in a new starring venture, *Charles T. Purdon*, the author of a three-act Irish comedy just completed.

The Two Widowers, a comedy, has met with great success at the Lane Theatre, Garden, Providence, special hits being made by Lawrence Bradley, Dan Moore and Harry C. Clark. The company, consisting of ten actors, is now on tour, and has been booked for forty-five weeks, and a good deal of new business and music added.

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The Two Widowers, a comedy

The Toy Tragedians.

The first time I saw them play together was in a little out of the way town in Western New York, where "The Toy" was playing a benefit to his townspeople.

The second season's engagement with the noted company, of which he was the youngest member, had just closed. The prodigal who two short years before had left the prim little hamlet to "join the ranks of the evil one" came back—the hero of the hour.

The company to which he belonged was one of the most enviable on the road at the time, having for their "pillars of fire" two stars of the first magnitude, who were noted no less for the generous courtesy with which they treated the lesser lights that revolved about them than for the brilliancy they shed upon their mistress, Art, by their conscientious representations of human life.

From his youth, lover-like beauty, gentleness, and earnest attention to the details of his business, young Albert McNally was unanimously and unjealously held to be the pet of the company by his comrades, while his precocious rejection of all the customary self-conscious sham in true shamming won him the regardful favor of his superiors, whom he in turn worshipped as gods among men.

When in the course of other tender impulses of the sad disbandment season the tiny seed of "a benefit for Toy" fell among the dainty belts and ribbons and garters of the green-room "to the right," it was eagerly caught at by the tender hearts of more than one fair lover of the interesting boy. By them it was tossed into the hands of his stronger but no less staunch friends of "the room to the left," who willingly cherished, garnered and tended its growth, till it hung, a full ripe fruit of expected performance from the roof of the little provincial Opera House which was the sole historic badge of his birthplace.

Not only did the members, male and female, put heads together for the successful achievement of the scheme, but the grand-souled leaders, who now themselves shone in the firmament of a well-earned prosperity, entered heartily into the enterprise. They preferred not only the free use of costumes, stage properties and such members of his company as might suit his purpose, but the support of their own personal presence, authorizing an announcement of the same upon the bills, as an added card to help pack the house and the pocket book of the dark eyed boy. His radiant face flashed back upon them the electric light generated by this unwonted act of courtesy. Romeo and Juliet was chosen to be the masterpiece for the occasion.

One in the profession can readily realize the amount of work, worry and weariness necessary to the placing of such a piece upon such a stage on such a test occasion. Added to this was the study of a complete role, heretofore swallowed by him only in elocutionary mouthfuls. The choosing of a Juliet was not the least arduous of the responsibilities attached to this jolly-troublesome affair, and to the young actor was left the task of providing him self with a fitting subject for his ecstatic love plaints.

The well-known Florence Weston had heretofore been unrivaled mistress of her position as leading lady of the company. A month or so previous to this, however, the faithful artiste had been taken so seriously ill as to be obliged to retire to her home in Philadelphia. As substitute for the remaining short term had been sent out a little actress recently graduated from school. "A peculiar touch of genius as rare as it was valuable" secured for this young lady a hearty recommendation from her teachers. This, seconded by an endorsement of similar import from Florence Weston, who, while the girl's friend, knew perfectly well the requirements of the position, settled the matter. As Jessica Norinne Penrose made her debut upon the public stage, and—in the heart of young Albert McNally—"The Toy Tragedians" the little couple came, and ever after remained in the minds and on the lips of the indulgent company.

Ah, me! how half reluctantly the pen traces further the lines of this short history, as though unwilling to raise the curtain upon the pleasant scene—but the prologue to the tragic close.

I had seen her once in a parlor in New York City. As a writer I had "made" many heroines in my time. One style only of them all was my ideal. Norinne personified the type—young, small, dark, self-unconscious, bright, passionate.

Her coloring was all gold-brown—hair, eyes, dress, manner. She was just eighteen. She looked just past fourteen, with the peculiarly girlish effect to be seen only in those bouquet-like bunches of girls showered from the steps of some old grey-stone high school when the day's work is done. I involuntarily looked for the block of books dangling low by her side from its yellow strap.

She was short—not dumpy short—but as if not yet grown up, with that slightly plump, unpretentious curving of form, never carried beyond the twenties, never successfully reproduced, never again equaled in fascination in any age of woman.

Her unique costume added to this girlish effect. It was a gold-brown tawn mixture of apron like kind, having bretelles of wide brown ribbon knotted on her shoulders in nobby, unconventional stylishness. The brown skirt reached to her shoe-tops—so suggestive of white aprons and book straps—that graceful,

dainty length so hideously deformed by three added inches of cloth. The whole was set off by a soft brown Turkish cap falling at the side in a large tassel, and set close down and back upon a mane of thick, fuzzy, brown hair, loosely tied at the neck and spreading across her shoulders in a face of silky, brown stuff that was neither curls nor braid nor strands, and which kept wafting against her cheeks and trying to creep down inside the white linen collar at her throat. Her face was long-shaped, so were her hands, so were her feet—three features that nearly always go together—but always in high-school age, never in public life before nor since—Norinne Penrose.

Her cheeks were brown velvet—that is if brown velvet were of a porous nature that could admit crimson rays to pour through it into shimmering sunlight. Her white, strong teeth were slightly uneven—so like a school-girl!—her lips were not coral nor ruby, they were the color that some few carnation petals have—if you know it I need not tell it, if you don't I cannot make you understand with words. Her eyebrows were noticeably bushy and silky, and her brown eyes were different from any I had ever seen. I am sure—yes, I am quite sure—there was more laughter than any other sight in them. Even to-day I cannot imagine grief there. They were not frivolous eyes, but I could not imagine sustained thought, meditation, or any of the deeper tints of emotion in them—fun—that was it—no mockery—pure fun—that was all.

She had a graceful, peck-like kind of motion, not the strut of a bird that prunes his plumage; but rather of one that, startled by the first song notes of a mate, peeps and pecks to see where perchance he may be hidden in the bush near by. She had a low, throaty kind of voice, with little pathways of light laughter running through it. Fascinating? Aye, indeed!

Now it so happened that of all the plays she had never yet seen Romeo and Juliet produced upon the stage, but self-possession was one of her marked talents, this and an infallible retentive memory, which often proved of signal service to less favored members of the company. So when young Albert decided on staking his success upon her assistance it was from the assurance that she would at least make no fiasco nor forget her lines. Above all she "looked the part."

When the curtain rose upon the Nurse act there stood the identical girl I had seen in the parlor. Nothing different but the costume; the effect of that even was similar.

The strap of books had been laid aside, however. Instead reigned an intense anxiety to hear the news the Nurse had brought, veiled by a superb assumption of indifference, kindness and sympathy as being the surest and quickest mode of procedure.

Not a hand in the still crowd that would not eagerly have boxed the old dame's ears for her irritating delay in announcing the result of her mission, when the strings of feeling snapped with too hard straining and the dear little girl plunged her bushy head into the old woman's lap and burst into a passion of nervous tears.

A girl in all the thrilled restlessness of first love it was who leaned over the porch of the Capulet home. The same Norinne with the bushy hair, the long face, the expressive eyes, but with the faint stir of a new life throbbing in her heart.

She did not come out there to show diamonds by convenient calcium light, to drape a balcony in robes de Worth, or to spread white arms before a crowd. She stood there in all youth's delicious charms and fought over again for us all the time old battle with fast entwining love-charms, and there was not a man, woman or child in the house that would not have destroyed ten houses of Montague and Capulet that should come between the lovers. Nobody thought of diamonds or arms, or robes, or the money paid to come in, or the heat of the house, or the hour of the night. All wanted the lovers to meet.

I do not know how much of the realizing sense of the "dread emotion" may have passed into her soul with the lines, but I do know that after the incarnate sweetness of love's first discovery had passed by, the child had changed. The high school look had all gone. Passion's seams had crossed the character—Juliet was no longer a child.

No one in that company, I am sure, will ever forget the sight of the two little "Toy Tragedians" as they knelt side by side before the friendly old priest. The two dark heads with their little white caps, so close together, the four little hands folded piously, and the touching air of impatiently borne devotion in the kneeling girdled forms.

I never but once before saw such tear floods as followed this saddest of love histories to its close, such wrapt attention, so many craned necks, such spontaneous and enthusiastic bursts of applause as greeted "The Toy Tragedians" on this their first test effort as make believe lovers.

After the curtain fell I saw Norinne no more in life.

I saw him next day, flushed with his success, white and drawn with weariness and passion. I was on the watch for it. I led him on to speak of the details of the play, the actors, the Juliet. I noticed the timid, reluctant use of her name at its first mention, the tender dwelling of the voice upon it at the second. I saw the unrepresentable play of the real love-light in the depths of the lustrous eyes, and for the first time noticed how similar the coloring was

of the two actors, the expression how different, his, tears—all tears—eyes, voice, lines; hers all fun and laughter.

And the next day when a thoughtless chatterer observed that young Romeo seemed really loth to part with his whilom Juliet at the depot I knew my surmise was correct, but somehow, instead of rejoicing, I prayed for "The Toy Tragedians."

[Concluded next week]

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS

Those of Richard Mansfield's company who are not absolutely needed for the production of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and who therefore did not sail with the main portion of the organization a few weeks ago, took passage on the City of Rome, which left yesterday (Wednesday). The party consisted of Joseph Frankau, Junius Brutus Booth, Johnstone Bennett, Mrs. Sol Smith, Maud White and Mrs. Percy Marsh.

Charles O. White, manager of the Grand Opera House, Detroit, left this city for Mt. Clemens, Mich., on Monday night. He will spend the remainder of the Summer between Mt. Clemens and Detroit.

Sibbell Banks, a cousin of Maude Bank, has taken to the rostrum, and is meeting with success in New England in dramatic readings.

Uncle John Robinson, the veteran circus manager, who died last week in Cincinnati, left a fortune ranging between \$50,000 and \$100,000.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

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THE NEW ELEVENTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE.
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS OPERA HOUSE IN THE CITY.

This elegant Opera House will be built on the site of the old Opera House, under the supervision of the celebrated architect, Mr. J. M. Wood, of Chicago, and will open about Oct. 1, 1888, with

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

Stage 36 feet deep, 72 feet wide and 30 feet high. Seating capacity about 1,500. Edison incandescent lights. The whole house beautifully upholstered, decorated and carpeted, and the most approved folding opera chairs will be used throughout. For open time address E. D. GRISWOLD, care Klaw & Erlanger, Taylor's Exchange, 23 E. 14th St., New York.

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NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
Don't be misled by advertisements which state that another new house is being erected on the site of the Eleventh Avenue Opera House.

THE MOUNTAIN CITY THEATRE
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Auditorium on the ground floor. The handsomest and most complete theatre in the State. The only legitimate Theatre in the city. Patronized by the Elite. Seating capacity, 1,700. Some good open time for first-class attractions only. Address JOHN KASTEN-DIKE, Manager, 57 Clifton Place, Brooklyn.

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Population 10,000.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Seats 800. Stage 30x60. Opera chairs. Scenery New and Complete.

BOOKING FOR 1888-89.

Three Railroads. Five hours ride to Atlanta, Augusta and Macon.

HORACE CRANFORD, Manager.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

Population 10,000.

POTTER'S OPERA HOUSE.

Has been entirely remodeled, with new Boxes, Scenery, Chairs and Balcony. Seating capacity, 800, and will be ready to open Sept. 1, 1888. Bowling Green is located on main line of L. & N. R. R., about midway between Louisville, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn. Address POTTER BROS., Bowling Green, Ky.

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Seating capacity, 700. Full scenery. Heated and lighted by gas and electricity. Fair dates Sept. 1 to 14. Share only, and with none but first-class attractions. Only one attraction a week.

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NEW OPERA HOUSE.

J. L. BRASINGTON, Manager.

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F. L. O'NEILL, Lessee; J. F. O'NEILL, Manager. Now open for engagements. On line of all street-car. Capacity, 1,500. Four private boxes. Stage 64 feet deep, 30 wide. Six large dressing-rooms, on stage floor. Latest patent folding chairs. Ventilation and heating perfect. Covers more ground than any building in city, and plenty of open space around. Bright, new scenery, fine orchestra. Special inducements to companies. Managers desiring time address J. F. O'NEILL, Charleston, or T. H. WINNETT, 30 Union Square, New York. Prices of admission, 25c, 50c, 75c; box seats, \$1.

DURHAM, N. C.

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STAKE'S OPERA HOUSE.

Seats 800. New scenery. Good theatre town. Share or rent. J. T. MALLORY, Manager.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

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The best show town in the State. Population 11,500. House new; everything complete. Seating 1,000.

Combination of the best of the two theatres, direct with STEWART AND CARPENTER, Managers.

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SEVEN HUNDRED OPERA CHAIRS. Largest and best

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Combinations playing between Memphis and New Orleans, or vice versa, can play to more money in Natchez than any city in the State.

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Population 12,000.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

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Seven hundred opera chairs. Largest and best

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Combinations playing between Memphis and New Orleans, or vice versa, can play to more money in Natchez than any city in the State.

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The Only Amusement Hall in the City. Seats 600.

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Stage, 30x36 in. Opera chairs. Seating

capacity, 1,200. Scenery full and complete. On direct

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Now booking for season of 1888 and 1889. Only first-

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SMITH & SILCOTT, Managers and Lessees.

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Open Sept. 1, 1888. Auditorium on ground floor.

Seats 1,300. Stage 30x60. Now booking time for season

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Good show town, and within eighteen miles of Columbia,

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We have the 3d, 4th and 5th of October open for a

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DAISY CHAPLIN, Dancing and Singing Sourette.

Last season with Muldoon's Pic-nic Co.

At Liberty. Address CAPT. R. M. SECY

EARLE REMINGTON, Leading Sourette

The Actresses' Corner.

ON THE ROAD—ON THE CARS.

"On the cars" will be harder to you in your fourth season—when likely you are able to "carry a maid" and ride in the parlor—than in your first. Still later, when all the comfort money can provide to help you bear it is yours, you will find travel insupportable. I don't know just why this is, unless it is that we begin ready to take all hardships and stand them, and more likely to enjoy chance comforts than fret at necessary discomforts.

Carry a bag of course, and one not too big for yourself to carry. I suppose every one knows that unwritten law about bags. Like most unwritten laws it is founded on common sense and good taste. A working woman should be self-helpful in every way. They have their own bags to carry; and, while we might expect an isolate courtesy from them, we don't expect one when the constant attention to it amounts to slavery and discomfort. The good taste that would suggest a professional woman's attending to her own bundles is so clear to every one, that any other course argues a lack of such taste or a disregard of it, which is explained in professional people's minds in just one of two ways—either the woman is a fool or the man is. If the woman is the fool, perhaps she is "new," and hasn't learned yet, and the poor man has got himself into a mess, which I must say, however, they seldom do get into; they usually know enough to avoid it if the girl does not.

If the man is the fool—well, she may still be "new," but more likely she isn't. That is what we say, and it means such an awful lot! So, dear, carry your own bag and bundles, whether you quite understand the situation or not. You don't want to get yourself into a false position. When you come to know the situation, you will do as you please, and circumstances make it right in this and in many other things; but until then think out things for yourself, always with a view to doing everything for yourself, and you won't make mistakes that cause you to be misjudged.

In your bag carry a night-gown, a flannel wrapper made very simply, comb and brush, tooth-brush, soap and sponge in a rubber bag, a flat pillow with pins and needles in it, and some strands of black thread and of white run in along the edge, so they can be drawn out for use; scissors, button-hook, lead pencil, a small bottle of camphor or ammonia for whoever gets faint, ditto Jamaica ginger for whoever gets something else; and as many clean collars and pairs of clean cuffs as you can cram in; ditto handkerchiefs.

While your collar is clean and your handkerchief, and your hair brushed, you will be able to look the lady with a hasty wash, and a "shake off" of dust.

By the way, don't use water for your face on the cars, and never use the car soap. If washing must be done, as on long trip, carry a bottle of some mixture, as rose water, with a little borax in it. Do cleansing with that on the corner of a towel, soap added if necessary. Splash clear water about as much as you want for refreshing yourself, dry thoroughly, and put powder on. If once you permit your skin to get rough on a trip, you can neither get clean nor look clean; believe me, and don't try it. Powder and cold cream, or some such grease, you must, of course, always carry. Powder properly used will do more towards keeping your skin clean, dry, cool, and, besides that, pleasant-looking, than will any soapy enthusiasm.

You have to be on the cars so much, it is very hard to avoid getting to feel at home there—not to the extent "A Party by the Name of Johnson" puts it—but you will find you have to keep "remembering yourself" all the time, you get so tired. Making yourself comfortable, so far as to change a stiff hat for a soft, dark, traveling cap, which shall hide your hair and still look nice, putting your shawl between yourself and the window, and even putting up your feet, with, of course, the proper regard for other people's views as to shoes and ankles, would not be objected to by "T. P. B. the N. of J.," who told some very good truths the other day we are all sorry to have to acknowledge.

Kate Claxton, traveling, used to wear a long brown, monkish-looking wrap, fitted close to the waist at the back, falling in two loose box-pleats in front, a close little bonnet, with a spray of pretty fresh looking flowers in it, for whose field color I used to be grateful many times, and long loose gloves, completing a very sensible and comfortable traveling get up.

You don't want to look odd, of course, but travel is business with you, not excursioning, as to most women. Natty traveling dresses are all very well, but they cost, and are made with drapery and bustles and needs. Travel is hard enough without drapery, bustles and needs; besides, you must be free to jump up and down steps without help, into cars and omnibuses, etc., and equipped even for a walk through puddles to your queer hotel. You can't carry a bag and hold up a dress too, and a quarter is a great deal to pay for a ride many, many times, even if you happen to have the quarter.

In view of all this you had better dress conveniently rather than conventionally, and you can do it without looking "queer," too.

Keep your gloves on; do your best you will find it almost impossible to keep clean hands during Winter "on the road." If once they get rough and soiled, you will have to give up. Hot water, into which has been poured lots of

ammonia and plenty of glycerine, patience, good soap and prayer may get them decent, but the skin is so tender that even dipping in cold water and a thorough drying can hardly save them from worse roughening.

Whenever the train has a stop, get out, cold or not. The car air is usually awful, theatre air ditto, hotel air often ditto. Just work in as much fresh air as stops permit; the journey will seem less hard, and it won't do you up so yellow either.

Ah, that first season—it is your easiest. You are young, you are brave, you expect things to be bad. People soon come to be very kind to you; you realize their kindness in a year or so. Of course, you come in that year or so to say, "Kind! Yes! I wasn't anybody, and no one was afraid of my being anybody. Now, they would be like anyone else." But at the time you didn't know all that, and you will find many a season, that brings you "notices from high places" and all that goes with it, less happy than your tramping first year. It's better to have people kind to you because you are nobody than to suspect they are kind to you only because they think you are, more or less, somebody.

Don't read on the cars if you can help it. Of course, you know it's "bad for the eyes." More than that, life is all around you. Make yourself interested in it. Almost always you can get yourself to see something in the car-people—in the sound of their voices—the things these "real people" do, so that the doing means something, yet which you think "no one could do on the stage;" the way they talk, how they ramble; an actor with a part so written could never "read" it so it sounded right, yet these real people are talking away, and anyone can understand; clothes, too, and "make ups;" making a picture of a man's face by the look of his back, and finding yourself more and more correct as you try it. All these things amuse you greatly after you begin to see them, and they all belong to your work.

When, however, you are tired, there is outdoors. Everyone gets something different from "the open;" but you with your head full of your work, you, for whom the stage has made the world like itself for a time, will not be hurt by fancying the sky at the horizon a backing, or looking at the colors with the idea of a set in your mind. Then, too, the country, from the car windows is all of the country you will get lots of times. All I say is, don't dare look out of the window and get nothing. Better go to sleep, or go out on the back platform, and if the train makes noise enough, practice the Pottos scene if you like, taking courage from that of Demosthenes, etc., and the pebbles.

That is the beauty of your work. It is every where. You need never be alone from it. It is life, it is living; and the more practical you are, the more cut away from dreams, jangling and air castles, the more it will touch your common uninteresting daily life with art's own beauty. Realizing this and taking things as they come, will bring you cheerfully through the hardest season of "one-nighters," and help you to escape the learning of many unhappy, discouraging, wretched, miserable, disgusting, heart-wearily things, that may just as well come later, when, perhaps, you are strong enough, sure enough, woman enough to find life and your work even in them.

Polly has grown serious, and she never means to be! She will impress you more probably when she tells you how you had better carry a waterproof with a big hood than an umbrella, and that rubbers for your feet can be tucked in the hood, and out of the way when the cloak is rolled up out of use. I'm afraid by moralizing I have forgotten many things. I will get them off some other time.

Gossip of the Town.

John T. Malone is in town. Wilson Barrett will make another visit to this country within the next two years. Adele Clarke has joined Annie Ward Tiffany at Buzzard's Bay, Mass., where they will remain until the 30th inst.

G. Morton Price, who played The Spider in The Silver King last season, goes as leading man with Oliver Doud Byron. Pauline Hall, Francis Wilson, W. S. Daboll, and Marie Jansen will appear in The Oolah, to be presented at the Casino on Sept. 17.

Frank E. Dumm, author of On the Sahara and other dramas, has been engaged as single comedian of the Lizzie Evans company, which opens its season on Sept. 1 in Kansas City.

Helen Blythe has been booked to appear for three weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in March next. Her manager reports that he finds but little trouble in securing dates for her star.

The Corinne Lyceum in Buffalo will open its regular season Sept. 17, with Corinne in Arcadia and Monte Cristo, Jr., under the management of H. R. Jacobs and Mrs. Jennie Kimball.

According to English advices, Julian Edwards is to conduct a season of opera for James C. Duff at the new Broadway Theatre, in the course of which he will present an opera of his own.

A new place of amusement is in course of completion at 106 and 108 East Fourteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues. It will be known as Worth's Palace Museum, and will be opened next Monday. The front of the building will be painted Indian red, relieved with gold, and will be illuminated by gas and electric lights with colored glass globes. The hall on the lower floor front will contain living curiosities, and the rear part will be used as an amusement hall, which has a stage 30x35 feet, and has been handsomely decorated by the artist, E. L. Vente. The seating capacity of this hall is over five hundred. The private boxes in the balcony hold about sixty. The ventilation is good, a sliding roof making the building pleasantly cool during the Summer. Prof. Worth's lecture-room is on the second

floor fronting on Fourteenth street. The rooms to the west of this will be devoted principally to living freaks. There are also platforms for lecture and exhibition purposes. The parlor entertainment in the amusement hall will consist of vocal and instrumental music, specialties and sketches. E. M. Worth is the proprietor, C. A. Wilson, manager, and Milton Lyons, director of amusements.

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Great Cast. Chorus of 65. Orchestra of 26. MAGNIFICENT NEW COSTUMES, SCENERY, ETC.

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THE GRANDEST PRODUCTION OF THE AGE.

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Boats leave Battery every 10 minutes. Fare only 10 cents. Amusement grounds directly opposite the ferry landing. Admission, 50c.; Grand Stand 25c. extra. Tickets for sale at principal R. R. stations, Hrentano's, on Union Square; at all Elevated R. R. stations, and at all principal hotels.

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NOW PERMANENTLY OPEN.

Admission 10c. Reserved Seats 50c., 75c. and 1.00.

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Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager.

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First production in America.

Two Old Cronies.

WILLS, HENSHAW and TEN BROECK.

CALL.

The Ladies and Gentlemen engaged for the above company will please report for rehearsal at the DUDLEY STREET OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16.

W. C. ANDERSON, Manager.

Kimball Opera Co.

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CALL.

The Ladies and Gentlemen engaged for the above company are requested to report for rehearsal at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, at 2 P. M.

KIRTLAND CALHOUN, Stage Manager for H. R. Jacobs and Mrs. J. Kimball.

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JAMES-WAINWRIGHT CO.

The Ladies and Gentlemen engaged will please attend rehearsal in GRAND OPERA HOUSE, ST. PAUL, MINN., TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1885. By order, E. Y. BACKUS, Stage Manager.

For further information address GUSTAVE A. MOR-TIMER, Box 16, N.Y.

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WANTED—Juvénile Lady. Must be a good dresser and experienced actress. First Old Man, to take full charge of stage and rehearse all plays. A Comedian, or Character actor—one who sings preferred—and a Child. State lowest salary in first letter. Silence police negative. Season 40 weeks, opening Sept. 5. Management pays board.

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and to hear from all good popular-price companies. I own and control all bill-boards in the city. Address

LEW WATERS, Lessee and Manager, Sioux City, Ia.

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Two Talented Actors, a Singing Comedian and Leading Man.

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